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MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1925

When I Was Very Young

BY

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Painting Peking Red

Giacomo Boni

BY

WICKHAM STEED

Kamerun, Karakoram, and Hongkong

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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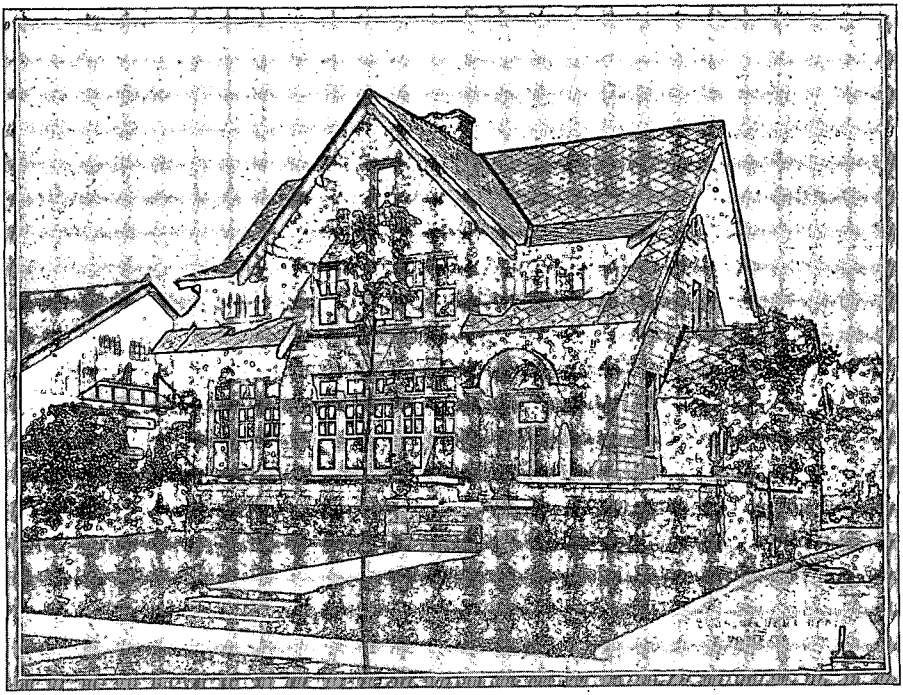

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Two different aspects of the work of the Soviets are described in this issue by a Frenchman and a German. **Jean Bouchot,** the author of the article on Soviet propaganda in Russia, is a French Orientalist who has been *maître de conférences* at Peking University for several years, and is thus in a peculiarly good position to write of activities which so largely centred in that academic community. So much has been heard from the English in China that it is refreshing to have this soberly worded analysis of the situation by a Frenchman. The **Freiherr von Schoenaich** writes from a quite different angle, not only because he is a German, but because his career, in spite of his avowed pacifism, has been not scholarly but military, and his own social status is a high one. The recent trade-agreement between the Russian and German Governments gives his observations a special timeliness.

* * *

Wolf von Dewall is a regular staff-correspondent at Geneva of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Writing on the eve of the Locarno Conference, Herr von Dewall throws a searching light on the international background of that event, dominated as it was by the question of Franco-German relations and of German entrance into the League. We are glad to find in his discussion a reference to our old friend and contributor, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi.

* * *

Our two travel articles are the work of travelers from two different European countries. **Émile Gromier** is a surgeon with the French Colonial Service in Africa. Our readers are already familiar with **Philip C. Visser,** the well-known Dutch mountain-climber, and his accounts of hazardous explorations in the Himalayas.

* * *

No English journalist could be better qualified to write of Giacomo Boni than **Wickham Steed,** former editor of the London *Times* and present editor of the *Review of Reviews*, not only on the ground of his extraordinarily wide general information about Continental affairs, but also on the ground of his personal friendship with Boni, dating from the period of his residence in Rome, from 1897 to 1902, as correspondent of the *Times*.

* * *

No woman writer of fiction has a more extensive international reputation than **Selma Lagerlöf,** the first woman member of the Swedish Academy, a Nobel Prize winner in 1909, and holder of the honorary degree of Doctor of the University of Upsala. Her book of reminiscences, *Mårbacka*, which was published about a year ago, is an account, in the third person, and with all the engaging qualities of imaginative fiction, of her childhood on an old Swedish homestead. The 'confessions' we print here, however, belong to a later period in her life, and are somewhat more deliberately humorous.

* * *

In a generation of literary workers who have their eyes pretty steadily on the land of Marcel Proust — or, say, of Croce — **Walter Starkie** is one of the rare Englishmen who can write with authority and provocativeness on Spanish literature.

* * *

Captain H. Lucy, whose word as an English sailor we must accept for the truth of his 'true story,' is an occasional contributor to English reviews.

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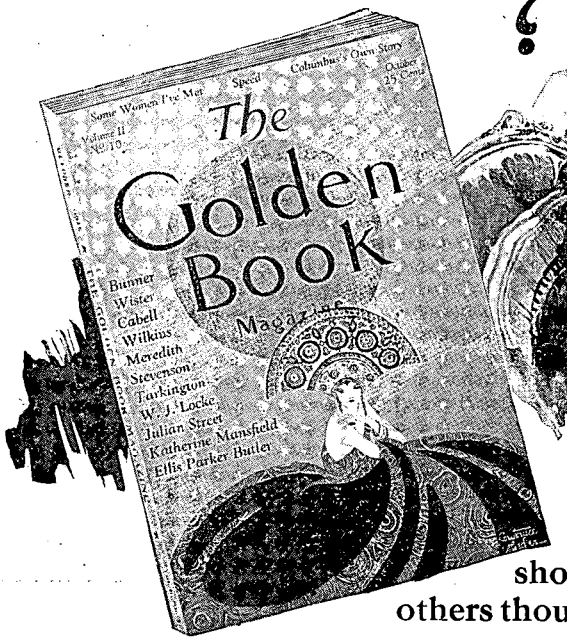

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Next Week

THE STUDENT HABIT — *By Sir Arthur Keith*

This is the address delivered by one of the leading professors in the Royal College of Surgeons at the opening of the King's College Hospital in London. No one ever damaged his brain by overwork, says Sir Arthur, and he goes on to assure us that most people scarcely put their grey matter to any strain at all.

ORIENTAL CARPETS — *By a Kabul Correspondent*

The high price of rugs is here accounted for in detail by a contributor who knows exactly how real Oriental carpets are made. It is quite a fascinating story, showing, incidentally, how even the East has had to lower its standards of workmanship in order to meet the demand and competition of the West.

THE LABOR SIDE OF IT — *By C. T. Cramp*

The Chairman of the British Labor Party tells about some of the problems he is facing. Between 1918 and 1924 the Labor vote doubled, and it is growing every day. Dangers of class war and internal dissension are the things that are keeping moderate men like Mr. Cramp awake nights.

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS — *By Ashley Dukes*

The author of this play was the white-headed boy of last year's theatrical season in London. His *Man with a Load of Mischief* has already run for the better part of a year, and Mr. Dukes has just arrived in New York to supervise the American production. Here he talks shop, taking as his text, 'To be every inch a king it is first necessary to be every inch an actor.'

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *NOVEMBER 7, 1925* — NO. 4244

AROUND THE WORLD IN OCTOBER

LABOR having occupied the centre of the British stage in September with its Trade-Union Congress at Scarborough and its Labor Party Congress at Liverpool, the Unionists come modestly to the front in October with their annual Party rally at Brighton. Like the Laborists, they are plagued with an extremist wing, but in their case it is on the Right, not on the Left — though no less obstreperous for that reason. Mr. Baldwin's speech, in which he gave an accounting of his stewardship to his Party, was a model of unsensational report-making. It alluded courteously to the services of his Liberal and Labor opponents, Lord Grey and Ramsay MacDonald, to the cause of international peace. Rather significantly, its review of Conservative accomplishments in office dealt chiefly with social legislation — insurance, housing, and the like. Economic and social projects were also adumbrated for the future, especially coming land-reforms — a field that the Liberals wish to preëmpt. Tory 'wild men,' as sedate Radicals love to call them, created some sensational incidents, to the delight of the Liberal and Labor press. Peppery — and, we imagine, apoplectic-hued — country squires declaimed against the Trade Disputes Act as a Bolshevist measure, linked Communism and the gold standard as Siamese-twin evils, dubbed Mr. Churchill a political tourist, clamored for less social reform, stigmatized the International Labor Bureau at Geneva as a monster parented by Cobdenism and Communism, and condemned the Cabinet for 'surrendering ignominiously to the Bolshevist demands of Emperor Cook.' But these noisy antireformers were a minority, and an overwhelming majority of the Conference endorsed the Premier and his policies.

The Liberals have started an educational campaign to recover the favor of the voters, with a series of special reports on burning issues of the day. The most important of these so far is the Rural Report of the Liberal Land Committee, just published by Hodder and Stoughton, London, in a shilling volume of more than five hundred pages. Its conclusions are that land is a fundamental national asset, which has never been regarded in English Law in the same light as other property; the

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obligation of service in return for use of land must be reasserted; landlordism has failed to render such service; therefore the State must resume its overlordship of the land, buy out the landlords on a system of annuities, and transfer the land to cultivating tenants to whom security of possession will be given conditional on good farming. We are expressly told that this is not 'nationalization.' The Party proposes to wrestle next with the drink problem, where it may be difficult to unite upon a common platform social-welfare and personal-liberty Liberals, both of whom are strong historical groups.

The English Church Congress at Eastbourne has also made its contribution to the discussions of the day. It was a cosmopolitan gathering, including delegates from the Dominions, the Colonies, and missionary churches in China and Japan. The prominent place politics and sociology hold in religious thought to-day was indicated by the fact that these subjects entirely overshadowed doctrinal questions. In opening the Congress the Archbishop of Canterbury declared: 'Our average Church of England sermons have not kept pace with educational advance. Their inadequacy is beyond dispute.' At a session devoted to 'The World Aspect of Industrial Problems' the Bishop of Winchester said that, while the Communist menace could not be ignored, it was futile to attempt to suppress it by disciplinary methods. It gains much of its force from a sense of injustice due to the contrast between rich and poor, and cannot be confuted 'until church members assert themselves by a more marked simplicity of life.' Another outspoken speaker was Earl De La Warr, a Socialist peer, who advocated the adoption of Socialism as the Church's remedy for the needs of the world. Race questions also occupied a prominent place in the discussions, which emphasized the unchristian spirit of existing social discriminations against people of color and the importance of a right education for primitive races suddenly brought into contact with a modern civilization that destroys their tribal sanctions and traditional moral codes.

Continental interest during the early weeks of October was attracted mildly to the League meetings at Geneva, and more strongly to the Locarno Conference. German editors whimsically hoped that Locarno's beauty and enchanting climate would be reflected in the mood of the negotiators. We shall recur to this theme in next week's issue.

France greeted the failure of the Caillaux expedition to Washington with 'a blaze of indignant relief,' and the general public was more interested at heart in the liquidation of the autumn campaign in Morocco than in the prosaic debt-problem. It is as impossible to divorce the latter from home politics in France as it is in the United States. If Caillaux's star suffers a long eclipse it will not be caused by the shadow of his abortive American trip. The new tax-laws are a much more contentious and dangerous issue. *Le Progrès Civique*, a weekly organ of the Party in power, declares editorially that the country had more reason to rejoice than to mourn over the failure to reach an agreement at Washington: 'It gives America time to reflect, and us time to reform our finances.' And in the latter connection it adds: 'The loans that the United States made us have certainly helped to enrich a minority of our people, among them our war contractors. It is not just to burden the general public with heavier taxes to repay those loans while the direct beneficiaries from them escape the burden.' That is the

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bone over which the politicians will probably fight unless more immediately serious issues arise to distract their attention. A well-informed writer in the London *Saturday Review* predicts that Premier Painlevé will hold his majority when Parliament assembles, because defections from either side of the Chamber will be compensated by accessions from the opposite benches.

While the German public was preoccupied with the Locarno negotiations, the Berlin Government quietly signed a trade agreement with Russia, which may prove the most important practical fruit of Chicherin's visit to Western Europe. The Soviet leaders celebrated the event by a banquet at Moscow at which emphasis was laid on the fact that the agreement was virtually an extension of the Rapallo Treaty. The credit advanced by a consortium of German banks to Russia a short time before, behind which, according to rumor, is Wall Street's golden smile, consists of an open account for seventy-five million marks to finance purchases, principally of agricultural machinery and implements, made by the Russian Commercial Mission in Germany. A supplementary credit of twenty-five million gold marks advanced by German exporters makes it possible to deliver to Russia under this agreement goods to the value of one hundred million marks.

In Morocco the Spanish forces, contrary to expectation, seem to have won more laurels than the French. After an initial setback, they repeated what the British press described as a Gallipoli manœuvre, making a successful landing on the enemy coast under fire and pushing forward rapidly to Abd-el-Krim's so-called capital. This adds to the prestige of Primo de Rivera, who directed the operations. He was absent in Morocco upon the second anniversary of the Directorate, which was observed at Madrid without last year's spectacular ceremonies.

The Directory seems to be as strong and as weak as ever. It is tolerated rather than loved by the politics-wearied nation. The Dictator justifies his régime, which he now predicts will last three years longer, by proclaiming, 'Everybody's contented; business is booming; the peseta is rising; and the harvest is excellent.' Liberal *El Sol* points out that a provisional government must eventually end; but the Democrats at Rome said that when Octavius took charge of the State. A German correspondent writing anonymously from Madrid says: 'Nobody denies that the political system that crumbled at the first blow two years ago had overlived its time, and that no one wants it back again. Everyone admits that the Directory has some practical accomplishments to its credit, such as the enlarged autonomy of the municipal and provincial administrations, better police discipline, and the freeing of the bench from political and other improper influences.' On the other hand, its efforts to build up a political party to support it, to put the national finances on a sound basis, and to give Catalonia a satisfactory government, have failed.

While the Directory, which has no popular Party behind it, would probably divest itself of its functions without regret, its fellow dictatorship in Italy, backed by the organized support of part of the nation, is grasping for more power. Instead of encouraging the autonomy of the municipalities, a new decree substitutes appointed officials for elected authorities in over seven thousand of the nine thousand communes, and disqualifies members of 'subversive associations' — that is, non-Fascisti — from holding municipal office. Henceforth the Premier —

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Mussolini — will not owe his power to Parliament, but to 'the will of the Sovereign.' But bloody disorders throughout the country — though news of them is suppressed — indicate continued resistance to the present régime. Early in October, Signor Bandinelli, a public accountant, and Gustavo Consolo, a Socialist barrister, were murdered at Florence during an anti-Mason house-searching, and a former Socialist M.P. was taken to the hospital gravely wounded. During the fighting the vice-secretary of the Florence Fascisti was also killed. Signor d'Aragona, for ten years secretary of the Italian Confederation of Labor, has resigned his post as a consequence of the new Fascist policy forbidding all labor organizations except the Fascisti unions from making agreements with employers. The Opposition members of Parliament who seceded to the Aventine as a demonstration against Matteotti's assassination have been weakened by the secession of the Maximalist Socialists, who stand midway between the Communists, who left the Aventine some time ago to resume their noisy demonstrations in Parliament, and the more conservative Socialists headed by Turati and Treves. Their action was probably due partly to a feeling that the Communists back on Montecitorio were getting all the credit for defending popular liberty, and in part to a realization that the new labor policy of the Fascisti calls for active rather than passive opposition. No one seems to know whether the break-up of the Aventine bloc will help or hinder the present Government. The Secessionists have expended the moral influence they possessed when they first withdrew in protest against a great crime, and have been for some months innocuously bottled up in their self-selected retreat. If they return to active opposition, they may recover some of their lost prestige. There is no sign of a weakening of Fascism, though if a collapse comes it may be precipitate. An Italian merchant friendly to Mussolini suggests this in a private letter quoted in the English press. 'The rising sun has more worshipers than the setting sun. For many Mussolini is the rising sun. The industries are prosperous, and everybody is working. Many wish to keep their posts; many others wish to obtain posts. The result is that the supporters of the Government increase in number every day. But many are ready to change their opinions according to the direction of the wind; even dead fish can swim with the current!'

A sensational Bolshevist plot with some absurd attendant circumstances has been unearthed in Hungary. Not long ago a small group seceded from the Social Democratic Party and set up an independent organization, which was looked upon with favor by Hungarian Nationalists as likely to disrupt the Liberal-Labor movement. Instead of that, however, it started to disrupt the State. Prominent Communist leaders who were allowed to escape to Russia after the overthrow of the Bela Khun régime, in exchange for Hungarian war-prisoners held by the Soviet authorities, returned to Hungary hoping to set up a new Communist government. They now languish in jail.

While this excitement agitates Budapest, Sofia continues to grind out indictments and punishments against prisoners held in connection with last April's outrages. Premier Zankov characterizes the country's condition as one of chronic civil war. Courts-martial have condemned nearly two hundred people to death, but Tsar Boris has refused to sign the sentences except in case of the five persons most deeply implicated in the Cathedral explosion. At the latest of these trials, which

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began at Tirnovo last month, there are said to be no fewer than five hundred accused and ten thousand witnesses. Frontier-fighting between Greece and Bulgaria, which is reported as these lines are written, seems unlikely to develop into a serious conflict. The Great Powers have no vital interests — or ambitions — in the Balkans to-day, as they did in 1913 and 1914.

Communism may or may not be a waning interest among white Proletarians, but it seems to be making unmistakable headway among colored Nationalists. Thirteen Communists, five of whom are Egyptians and one a Syrian, are under indictment in Cairo for spreading revolutionary agitation among the fellahin and attempting to organize them into groups to attack landowners and capitalists. In South Africa, Premier Hertzog, who is also Minister of Foreign Affairs, was greeted by the chief spokesman of the natives during a recent official tour with a minatory address criticizing missionaries and employers and accusing Europeans of exploiting the colored man in defiance of the wishes of Providence. 'I fear,' this speaker said, 'that unless you find some remedy for this, the ethical doctrines and principles of your religion and Government must give way to the more practical tenets of Bolshevism and Mohammedanism.'

Turkey continues her programme of intensive modernization and of extirpating antiquated institutions. The Government has decided to suppress the *Tekkes*, or dervish monasteries, as resorts of miracle-mongers and idlers, and to abolish all titles and attributes of the sheiks and dervishes. Religion is to be regimented, and only persons authorized by the State can wear religious costumes. These measures are inspired partly by political considerations, as many dervishes sympathized with the Kurd revolt and wish to restore the former patriarchal feudalism under which they throve. The Kurd question explains the Government's inflexible stand in regard to Mosul. It sees in England's effort to establish suzerainty over that district, indirectly through Irak, the first move in a game to weaken and dismember Turkey and reduce her to the dependence from which she suffered under the last sultans. *Angleterre, voilà l'ennemie!* is the slogan of Russia, China, and Turkey to-day, in a subterranean struggle along a skirmish-line measuring half the globe's circumference.

In India the Swaraj Party has lost some prestige and followers, at least in Bengal, which was its former stronghold. This does not signify a recession of the Independence movement, but division of counsels over objectives and tactics. Bombay has been in the throes of a textile strike said to involve nearly one hundred and thirty thousand operatives. It is a purely economic struggle against a proposed reduction of wages, in which the Tatas — Mr. Saklatvala's recent employers — are prominent protagonists of the mill-owners. China is preoccupied at the moment with three general questions transcending the rivalries of her military satraps: the foreign judicial inquiry into the cause of the Shanghai troubles, which she did not want since she already had one foreign decision condemning the British officials in that matter; the conferences upon customs and extra-territoriality, the first of which has just assembled at Peking, and the second of which is set for next December; and the alleged tension between Feng Yu-hsiang and Chang Tso-lin, in which the Christian General is supposed to have Soviet backing and figures as an outspoken antagonist of England — and most other foreigners. Japan is concerned in the matter, for a conflict between these leaders resulting in a

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victory for Feng would endanger her interests in Manchuria, strengthen Russia in that province, and revive the rivalries that led to the war of twenty years ago. The likelihood of such a conflict, however, must be considerably discounted if we are to believe the report in the Chinese press to the effect that Marshal Chang Tso-lin has recently presented the Christian General with a gift of one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, which arrived at Peking late in September and were immediately forwarded to Marshal Feng's headquarters at Kalgan.

In Latin America, Tacna-Arica is still the centre of dramatic interest. Argentine politics are boiling, and the Federal Government has had to interfere in several provincial elections. The Radicals, who are in power, are divided by the personal rivalries of their leaders, — ex-President Irigoyen and President Alvear, — though they are said to be getting together in view of the growing strength of the Conservative Democrats in the provinces and the Socialists in Buenos Aires. President Alessandri's second resignation emphasizes the still precarious situation in Chile. A new Constitution has been adopted which, like all compromises, apparently satisfies no one. It does not give enough power to Parliament to suit the Radicals, or enough power to the President to suit the Conservatives. Alessandri's effort to establish an era of good feeling failed, and the army holds the helm of government.

AT THE CAFÉ

'The Americans? I tell you, sir, what *I* should do. I'd declare war on them at once and let them win. Then they'd see what it's like.'
— *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

AT LOCARNO

M. Briand. 'At all events, my dear Stresemann, I hope you'll not ask us for money.'
— *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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SOVIET IMPERIALISM IN CHINA[1]

BY JEAN BOUCHOT

[THE author is a former member of the faculty of the National University at Peking. On account of its length, a portion of the article has been summarized.]

IN 1919 Russian Bolshevism was still a sort of legend in China. Only a few advanced revolutionaries had a vague notion of its tendencies and methods. In 1925 we see Bolshevism triumphant in China. It has the country under its heel, and threatens the security of all foreigners residing in that country.

Late in 1919 a Russian who when a young man had studied at our School of Oriental Languages in France was living in Peking in a very frugal way. This Russian, whose name was Ivanov, had played an active part in his own country during the first months of the Bolshevist Revolution, and had been sent to Peking, where he taught French and Russian at the National University. By an odd coincidence, the President of the All China Students Association addressed a letter just at this time to the People's Commissioners at Moscow, which found its way into the press. In this letter, which was dispatched without the knowledge of the Chinese Foreign Minister, he conveyed to Russian students, the Soviets, and to Lenin the homage and admiration of all their fellow students in China for their splendid achievement in liberating Russia. In his enthusiasm the writer greeted his Russian colleagues as brothers, and proposed that all treaties concluded between China and Russia in the days of the Tsars should be annulled.

Public opinion had hardly recovered from the shock caused by this incident when we learned that the Kuomingtang Party, of which Doctor Sun Yat-sen was president, had addressed a letter, couched in identical terms, to the masters of Moscow. The first advances, therefore, seemed to have been made by China, but no one doubted that they had been dictated to their authors by a Bolshevist agent, and a strong suspicion existed as to who that agent was.

These invitations received the cordial welcome that might be expected. Negotiations at once began for the reception of a Russian delegation at Peking, notwithstanding the noncommittal attitude of the Chinese Government. So the Bolsheviki sent an unofficial mission to that city, backed by a liberal bank-account at Chita, then the capital of the so-called Far-Eastern Republic. That Republic thus ostensibly paid the expenses of the Mission, which consisted of Iurin, a former Tsarist officer with a somewhat checkered past, and several of his acolytes. It was an odd sort of delegation, without diplomatic experience and precedents, but excellently suited for the work it had in hand. It was designed to prepare the way for future official plenipotentiaries, to create an atmosphere, to win partisans, to start propaganda.

[1] From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), *September* 10

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Iurin had obtained an unusual favor from the Peking Government. This was the right of diplomatic immunity for his luggage between Chita and Peking. But the customs officers at the Harbin station, who had not been informed of this favor, insisted upon examining certain parcels consigned to him. Although he had made a solemn promise not to engage in propaganda, it was discovered that his luggage consisted largely of Communist tracts printed in Chinese, identical with those that were already being circulated everywhere in Peking, Tientsin, Canton, and Chang-Chung. Of course, Iurin denied all knowledge of them. Nevertheless, he had no alternative but to leave the country, which he did on the pretext that he had been appointed Assistant Commissioner of Foreign Affairs at Moscow.

During his sojourn in China, Iurin showed particular attention to the gentleman who had taken the initiative in inviting the Bolsheviki to their country. He was intimate with certain men in Parliament and in the academic world, including Tsai Yuan-pei, the Rector of the University at Peking, — who was also simultaneously president of the Franco-Chinese Association for Rational Education and of the German-Chinese Union! — Li Yu-ying, a manufacturer who was likewise professor of metaphysics at the University, and several other members of the faculty of the latter institution. He intimated in his conversation with these gentlemen that Soviet Russia might be willing to turn over to China her share of the Boxer indemnity to be devoted to educational purposes. This was a shrewd move, for three reasons. China was not likely to pay that indemnity to the Soviet Government in any case; it paved the way for denouncing the old treaties, which the Soviets were as anxious to get rid of as were the Chinese themselves; it won over to the Soviet cause a young, active, turbulent element in China, expert in organizing popular demonstrations.

After Iurin left, his work was continued by a far less clever man named Pogodin, who was seconded by Henri Bourrier, a former underofficer of the French mission in Russia, who had become a Bolshevist convert. He accomplished little, however, and was soon replaced by Joffe.

I shall dwell briefly on the character of this man, who may best be described as a Bolshevist drummer. Alexander Abramovich Joffe came from Europe, where during a brief career as Soviet Ambassador at Berlin he had promoted a Communist insurrection in Germany. He was recalled from that post and later dispatched to the Genoa Conference, then to Italy, and finally to the Ukraine. Wherever he had been, he had proved himself a reckless Communist propagandist.

Such a man did not suit Europe just then, but promised to be more useful in the Orient. In any case, he would do less harm there. So he turned up at Peking as a full-fledged plenipotentiary, authorized to negotiate new treaties with the Chinese Government. He brought with him a picked staff and ample funds; for the Bolsheviki were well aware that money works miracles in China. Among the more prominent members of his retinue was a certain Borodin, ostensibly a commercial attaché, who soon left for Canton, where he occupied the same position next to Sun Yat-sen that Joffe occupied at Peking.

We must bear in mind that Joffe was a much more experienced diplomat than his predecessors. As soon as he arrived he sized up the situation and perceived that there were really two governments in China — Peking, where the foreign legations still hung out their

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signs, and Canton, where the popular movement centred. The two cities represented foci of influence of about equal importance, so Joffe promptly divided his delegation between them.

Joffe not only continued his predecessor's policy of courting the good will of academic circles, but he accentuated it. He also did his clever best to win over the native press. In August 1922 he gave a brilliant banquet to its most influential members, where he delivered a striking discourse. The same month he accepted an invitation from the faculty of the National University at Peking to a meeting of welcome, where Tsai Yuan-pei, its rector, 'speaking in the name of the intellectuals of China,' said he believed that 'the Russian Soviets are the preface of what we must have in our country,' and that the dearest wish of his heart was 'to unite the Chinese and the Russian nations by bonds of close friendship, because the interests of our two countries are the same, and our alliance will promote the welfare of both.'

In the favorable atmosphere thus created Joffe now found his opportunity. Communication is slow and irregular in China; news takes a long time to travel, and it ordinarily reaches only a few privileged persons in the larger towns. To get at the people themselves one must have an enormous staff of messengers, or colporteurs, to carry the Bolshevist gospel into all the highways and byways of the vast empire. Joffe saw at once how serviceable the students, who were flocking to Peking from all corners of the country, might be in this work. Chinese students venerate their teachers, and the common people respect the students. What ideal machinery for spreading propaganda, for disseminating through the villages and countrysides the ideas dear to Moscow. Every family, every circle of friends, every neighborhood, every town and hamlet, blessed with the glad tidings! And if later these students became teachers and taught the same doctrine to their pupils, what a marvelous harvest was in prospect!

With Joffe, to dream was to act. He at once began to organize in all the schools teachers who were sympathetic with this purpose. Ivanov emerged from his seclusion at the University of Peking and was given several Russian coadjutors. Lecture courses, which are subject to amiable digressions among the Chinese, soon became political meetings, and the autonomy with which its rector had endowed the National University was easily manipulated to serve the interests of this crusade.

This work quickly bore fruit. Mass meetings were held at many points, especially among the railway men and at the principal mining and industrial centres, where coolies and laborers were soon familiar with such slogans as, 'Proletarians of the world, unite,' 'Immediate recognition of Soviet Russia,' 'An alliance of Russia, China, and Germany,' 'Down with capitalism and imperialism.' Parliament was besieged with demands 'not to make a constitution for propertied classes alone, but for all the citizens, including the proletariat.' One appeal issued to the students concluded with the words: 'Let us shatter to fragments our old, ossified, mummified society! Let us destroy this peace that is but death! Let us agitate! Yaoh!'

Students at the great school in the mining centre of Tang-chan, which is affiliated with the University of Peking, organized twenty platoons which were assigned the task of propagating Bolshevism along the railway as far as Shanghai in one direction and Hankow in the other. When the authorities closed the school, students and work-

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ingmen demonstrated in front of the President's residence at Peking until the Government capitulated, the principal of the school was removed, and the students were respectfully conducted back to the establishment.

Meanwhile Joffe was not idle in other quarters. He haunted the precincts of the Peking Foreign Office. He plied the Government there with diplomatic notes that combined insolence with innuendo, and constantly reflected on the motives and integrity of the representatives of other Powers. *Journal de Peking*, the only French-language newspaper printed at the Chinese capital, was favorable to the Communists, and its columns were always open to Ivanov and to Henri Bourrier, who wrote under the pseudonym Achebe. The Soviet telegraph agency Rosta, which had established an office in Peking at the time of the Iurin mission, filled the Chinese press with tendential news.

But all this led to nothing positive. Under instructions from his superiors, Joffe began fruitless negotiations with the plenipotentiaries of Japan at Chang-Chung, which were soon broken off. A little later, realizing that he could accomplish nothing definite with a government as unstable as that at Peking, he announced that he was going to Canton to confer with Sun Yat-sen; but at Shanghai he changed his mind, took a steamer for Japan, and never returned to China.

Karakhan, who succeeded Joffe, was by blood and training perfectly at home in an Oriental environment. He knew that with the Chinese it was necessary *aller fort, encore plus fort, et toujours plus fort*. So he hit straight to his mark. He showed the other diplomats at Peking that they had amused themselves long enough and that it was now time to get busy.

The same group of admirers that had received Joffe with open arms gave Karakhan an enthusiastic reception. The seed his predecessor had sown was now ready to harvest. Karakhan had smiles for everybody. He attended a round of banquets, afternoon teas, and public meetings. He spoke on every possible occasion. He lectured at the National University on Soviet principles. He gave receptions compared with which the most brilliant soirées of the Tsarist Embassy had been pale affairs. He distributed bounties and prodigaled advice. But he kept steadily in view the particular thing he wanted next — the recognition of Bolshevist Russia.

Regardless of diplomatic conventionalities, Karakhan filled the Chinese press with diatribes against the other foreign Powers and with signed articles advocating the recognition of the Moscow Government. This is a typical example of his style: 'The great Chinese nation, with her ancient culture, her profound love of peace, her wonderful industry, is the best ally that Russia could have in the Orient. China and Russia are in the same position internationally. We Russians have just won a bitter battle against the imperialist Powers who sought to make our country their colony. China is still fighting an identical battle to free herself from colonial dependence on those same Powers. She must keep up her fight until her liberation is complete.'

This profession of faith marked the beginning of a new phase of Bolshevist propaganda in China. It was the first shot in a furious campaign conducted by Soviet agents against all other foreigners in the country. These alien Reds were more blatant Chinese patriots than the Chinese themselves. The *Political and Economic Review*, which Borodin, the Soviet commercial attaché, had founded at Shanghai,

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published a striking article by Lenin entitled 'Imperialism and Opportunism.' The Canton *Daily News* printed in English an article pretending to prove that China's domestic disorders were fomented by foreigners. The *Journal de Peking* printed, over the signature of Ivanov, a strange story, reflecting on the character of Dr. Sherman, the Minister of the United States. I might multiply such examples indefinitely.

The Chinese instinctively dread diplomatic controversies. If they had been able, they would immediately have suppressed this propaganda. But the Central Government was powerless. It had virtually no control over its press. Certain prophylactic measures were adopted, such as the order issued by the postal authorities excluding *New Russia*, the least important of these journals, from the mails. But that only advertised the latter paper, which was sent everywhere in great quantities by special couriers, and was distributed by enthusiastic young converts to the people.

Consequently Bolshevist propaganda made tremendous headway. The most cultivated and intelligent Chinese gentlemen began to admire the little handful of white men who seemed to be making the cause of China their own, and who were attacking so violently the other whites, whom the Chinese instinctively hated. The silence with which foreign legations received these Bolshevist attacks made them the more convincing. The Western Powers apparently stood self-convicted either of a bad conscience or of pusillanimity.

Following the example of the National University at Peking, which had thrown itself into the arms of the Soviet representatives through its Rector, Tsai Yuan-pei, the University at Nanking organized a Society for the Study of Marx. In October 1922 a party of sixty professors and students went to Moscow to study the Soviet organization on the spot. Its members came back filled with a sort of mechanical enthusiasm that was not particularly contagious; but nevertheless the most ardent of the present Chinese Bolsheviki came out of that furnace. According to a Japanese report, the number of Chinese students going to Russia to-day is twice as large as the number going to England.

Karakhan sometimes took strange occasions to air his facile eloquence. One of these is well worth describing. In 1910 the Americans relinquished their share of the Boxer indemnity on the condition that China employ the money for educational purposes. Part of these funds were used to establish Tsin-Hua College, an excellent secondary school. It is under Chinese direction and is officially supervised by the Foreign Office. Its Chinese principal conceived the curious idea of inviting Karakhan to address his students. That gentleman seized the opportunity to deliver a lecture upon 'the Soviet Union and the Oriental nations,' which rang in all the changes upon foreign capitalism and the unhappy fate of the oppressed races. The subject and the orator made this a rather remarkable fulmination in such a place.

All this propaganda has naturally borne fruit. When Borodin began to organize 'Red companies' to diffuse the Soviet doctrine throughout the South Pacific, so many volunteers presented themselves that he had to weed out his men by a severe examination. Now these Red companies are busy everywhere — in Siam, the Philippines, the Netherland Indies, Hawaii, Cochin China, Cambodia, Tonkin, Anam, Burma, and even India. Their members have been cleverly chosen.

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They are people accustomed to contact with the masses: small traders, peddlers, compradores, 'boys,' and a few educated teachers and writers. These agents live among the common people. They preach their new gospel to them in their hours of leisure. They are advisers to whom their disciples bring all their grievances. We who live in China have learned to detect this influence everywhere — in the impertinence of our 'boys,' and in the trickery of our coolies.

Karakhan is a man who never rests. A little thing like organizing propaganda was for him a mere avocation. His first object was to secure the recognition of Moscow by China and, if possible, likewise by Tokyo. Everything else was subordinate to this. Now we all know the tactics of the Chinese Foreign Office — to temporize, to gain time, to sail before the wind, to discuss, to reconsider, to turn over and over the most trivial questions before deciding them. In the present case the Foreign Minister pursued these tactics to the limit. First a Bureau of Russian Affairs was organized, to compile information on every conceivable topic that might enter into negotiations between the two countries. But Bolshevist propaganda was at its height, and the Peking Government had sunk to the lowest depths of impotence. Ministers were changing daily. The President himself, whose election had been bought from Parliament, was in a very precarious position. The military chiefs were divided on the question of recognizing Russia. Mr. Wellington Koo, a very diplomatic gentleman, but a man of exasperating indecision, became Foreign Minister. One of his first tasks was to consider the report of the Commission on Russian Affairs, matured after more than twelve months of labor under his predecessor. Perhaps he did not wish to accept the latter's work. Perhaps he was unwilling to compromise his reputation in so dubious an adventure. However this may be, there was more delay. Karakhan grew increasingly insistent. One evening Mr. Koo received a parcel-post package at his home, which he ordered his 'boys' to open. It was lucky for him that he did so, for the parcel contained a bomb that wounded his unfortunate servants and wrecked a corner of his yamen. Simultaneously a note, the origin of which was never ascertained, reached him, inquiring if this 'manifestation' might not have come from a Bolshevist source.

Then things began to happen, and a few days afterward, on May 31, 1924, an agreement between the two countries was signed. The only positive results of this act were the recognition of Moscow by Peking and an arrangement affecting the Chinese Eastern Railway, the exact terms of which no one yet quite understands. Other important matters, such as denouncing the Tsarist treaties, remitting Russia's share in the Boxer indemnity, and relinquishing exterritoriality, were deferred for consideration at a future conference.

But if the time was not yet ripe to grant the Chinese outright the things upon which they had set their hearts, Russia's harvest day had come. Karakhan did not delay a moment in demanding the restoration of the old Russian Legation at Peking, the property of the Tsarist consulates, and all the privileges, honors, and emoluments attached to his position as Minister Plenipotentiary. As a result the disappointed Chinese found themselves in a most embarrassing position. The Russian legation buildings at Peking are naturally in the Legation Quarter. This constitutes a veritable fortress surrounded by a thick wall and garrisoned by foreign troops ever since the

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Boxer troubles of 1900. Under the protocol of 1901, the administration of this diplomatic territory is entrusted to an international municipal commission, on which every nation named in the protocol is represented. So far as the Chinese Government was concerned, this district was foreign territory. The return of the Russian Legation, therefore, was not strictly under the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office. Several Powers represented at Peking had recognized Soviet Russia; others had not. America, Great Britain, France, and Japan had no relations with that country. Holland, Italy, Norway, and Sweden did have such relations. Karakhan shrewdly seized upon this ambiguous situation to appeal directly to the Chinese Foreign Office instead of to the other legations. 'Are you not masters in your own house?' he asked. 'Do you permit yourself to be dictated to by the Powers? How long will you tolerate being treated like a nation of slaves?'

For months Karakhan played on this single key. The Foreign Office was buffeted from the right and from the left. At length the time came when, as the outcome of diplomatic changes in Europe, the number of Powers recognizing Russia had augmented. A majority of the diplomatic corps passed from one camp to another, and the Bolshevist had his way. During the interval Karakhan had had himself raised to the grade of ambassador — the first foreign ambassador in Peking.

This new honor created a situation that Karakhan's confrères in Peking had hardly anticipated. That gentleman became, by virtue of his rank, president of the diplomatic corps and president of the international commission administering municipal affairs in the Legation Quarter. The presiding officer of that body, consequently, was a man who had proclaimed high and low that the very functions he exercised constituted, in this twentieth century, a scandalous abuse of power over an oppressed people.

It was natural to suppose, therefore, that Karakhan would at once dismantle the fortress that the white race had erected for itself in the heart of the Celestial capital. In order to anticipate that possibility, the Japanese Minister likewise was hastily given the title of ambassador. But Karakhan was already in the saddle. He promptly lost himself in contradictions. One day he averred that he accepted all the responsibilities of his new position; the next he waxed indignant over the protocol of 1901 as an insult to Chinese sovereignty. By some obscure juggling that I have never been able to unfathom, the diplomatic corps made him its dean at the very time when attacks on foreigners, whom its members had been appointed to protect, were multiplying under Karakhan's approving smile. . . .

To put the matter in a nutshell, the Soviet ambassador now wields more authority in China than any of the native political nonentities to whom he is accredited. Students filled with the fire of Communism are working for him in every corner of the empire. He is organizing the laboring classes in the industrial centres. By his invectives against foreign imperialism he is rallying all classes to his banner. By vaunting himself the defender of an oppressed nation he is moulding that nation to his will.

We must see things as they are. For the average more or less intelligent Chinaman Moscow means power, and Peking weakness. Moscow stands for commercial prosperity and security of life, Peking for ruin, famine, and civil strife. Peking incarnates a policy of revolt followed by slavery, Moscow a policy of revolt followed by emancipa-

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tion. And Karakhan basks in the sunlight of this faith.

At the present time, therefore, we witness all over China symptoms of a state of mind that is no longer Chinese and that is not yet Bolshevist — a sort of alloy of two creeds. China is no longer content to vegetate. She is in a state of ebullition. The present agitation is no longer a movement confined to a few great cities, as it was in 1900. It goes far deeper. It is far better coördinated. It is far more definite and determined. An order from on high is heard, which all of that conglomeration of peoples that we so arbitrarily herd together under the label of 'China' instinctively obeys.

How are we to explain otherwise the great mob-outbreaks that occurred, on almost the same day, at Kin-Kiang, Peking, Shanghai, and Canton, a thousand miles apart? As if at a zero hour a general attack is made in all these centres against British consulates, British shops, British goods, and British families. How shall we explain scenes of brutality incredible to Europeans who have never known any Chinamen other than those who come to them in quest of a new learning? We who have lived in the heart of China for years say to ourselves: 'These are crises of Oriental hysteria excited by Bolshevist propaganda.'

Nevertheless, one thing must be borne in mind — a fact that has escaped Karakhan's calculations. Bolshevism does not accord with the normal mentality of the Chinaman. It is in violent conflict with his immemorial traditions, with his ancestor-worship, with his family cult, with his respect for woman, — not as we conceive it, but nevertheless very powerful, — with his love of money, with his passion for gain, with his cupidity. *Fa ts'ai* — 'make a fortune' — that is the ambition of every son of Han. Karakhan has overlooked the fact that he will never reach the head or the heart of the four hundred millions of Chinamen, of that inert mass that you can push to the edge of the precipice but can never shove over it. The Chinaman is an atheist, a more convinced atheist than any Russian can ever be. But he is a credulous atheist; he is an atheist chock-full of superstitions, of trivial but imperative beliefs, of rites, of bigotries. He is a mystic, an ecstatic, a conscious devotee, but not a ritualist or dogmatist.

Suppose we allow that the Bolsheviki may convert all the people of Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, and three or four other of the great cities of China. That would mean, according to the most reliable estimates, less than six million people — a mere drop among the four hundred million who live in China. No sort of crusade, no matter how vigorously and shrewdly and persistently conducted, will ever reach that great rank and file of the Chinese nation which lives remote from its metropolitan centres with their veneer of Western thought and science — that great host who lead a life that is an absolute negation of Soviet principles, who take no thought of world problems or even of their own country's political future. To imagine that you can Bolshevize this great ocean of humanity is as profound an error as to compare the Russian muzhik, primitive as he is, with the illiterate, egoistic, tradition-bound Chinese peasant.

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SOME NOVELISTS OF MODERN SPAIN [1]

BY WALTER STARKIE

EVEN in the days of the Greeks, writers had realized that the function of Art is to correct the shortcomings of Nature. Art must select its materials from the gross world of reality and build up another world of fancy, creating a just balance between the real and the ideal. There is thus a perpetual conflict between the real and the ideal, but nowhere more so than in the novel, which has been well defined as 'the epic of modern life.'

The term 'epic' is a happy one to use when we reflect on the enormous influence in Spain of the fantastic romances of chivalry — an influence that faded away only when Don Quixote rode out on Rocinante. It was Dekker who had said of the Castilian hidalgo: 'The Spaniard was so busy in touching heaven with a lance that our Knight of the Burning Shield could not get him at so much leisure as to eat a dish of pilchards with him.'

The early Spanish novels approach near to the term 'epic' because they narrate, whereas our modern novel describes. *Don Quixote* stands at the parting of both ways. It is full of narrations that recall the old books of chivalry — narrations that the modern reader often skips through. But *Don Quixote* is also full of descriptions of actual characters that enchant in the same way as the ideal modern novel. And by descriptions we do not mean simply men and women like Sancho, Teresa Panza, the curate, or Maritornes, but also the enveloping atmosphere, the surroundings. As Flaubert said of the immortal work, '*Comme on voit ces routes d'Espagne qui ne sont nulle part décrites.*'

The modern novelist of Spain, nursing in his heart vestal-wise the divine flame of Cervantes, tries to observe modern life realistically. The nineteenth century, coming as it did hard upon the heels of the eighteenth, when Voltaire's temple of reason was thronged with European pilgrims, introduced the weighing machine of materialism. Everything must be measured by 'facts.' Even in romantic Spain the castles of fantasy were fading into thin air, and there appeared on the horizon novelists like Fernán Caballero and, later on in the century, Galdós.

Galdós by his novels redeemed the people from the cult of reason, which was alien to Spain, and led them to the reality of flesh and blood. Azorín, the subtle miniaturist of modern literature, says of him: —

> Galdós appears silently, with his little eyes that pierce, his cold, scrupulous glance; he looks at everything, he examines everything — the cities, the streets, the shops, the cafés, the theatres, the fields, the roads. . . . For the first time reality is going to exist for the Spaniards.

Galdós, the greatest novelist since Cervantes, leads us to our contemporary novel. His *National Episodes*, wherein he traces the epic of nineteenth century Spain, mark the dawn of

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Liberalism in a country notoriously traditional. Galdós had many great contemporaries in the novel, such as Juan Valera, Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan, Pereda, and Palacio Valdés, but they belong really to the nineteenth century, not to contemporary times.

When we examine generally the great mass of Spanish novels written in the last decade of the nineteenth century, we notice great differences of atmosphere and local color, due to the regional character of the works. It was with justice that Victor Hugo spoke of '*Les Espagnes*.' Nature by its succession of transverse mountain-ranges has broken the Iberian Peninsula into separate sections. Its dislocation of the country has imposed localism and isolation on its inhabitants. We find separatist tendencies not only in Catalonia, but also in the Basque country and in Galicia, and it is on account of this localization that the modern Spanish novel is so interesting to us. We find in it a wealth of local color that rarely exists in the novels of other more progressive countries, where the tendency has been to evolve a uniform cosmopolitan type of literature. When we read the works of Thomas Hardy, we are struck by his deep attachment to the soil of his native Wessex — the soil that he peoples, not only with its modern inhabitants, but also with the phantoms of countless ancestors back to the days of the old kingdom.

With this thought in our minds, we shall understand the value of the modern novelists of Spain. When the breath of popularity withers the bloom of inspiration which they have received from their own folk, they issue forth into the limelit arenas of Europe and trick out their native muse with trumpery; then must we write them down as poor workmen plodding the well-worn path.

To illustrate this point, let us take first of all Blasco Ibáñez, who has obtained a greater share of notoriety, if not popularity, than any novelist living. Right from the outset Ibáñez has been the stormy petrel of Spanish politics, and, unlike most agitators, he has made a commercial success of his work. Born in the picturesque province of Valencia, the garden of Spain, his early novels are thoroughly Valencian in character and in custom. They paint in vigorous colors the lives of the middle class in the city, or else the storm-tossed lives of fishermen or smugglers. In *Arroz y Tartana* he describes microscopically the bourgeoisie and their commercial life. In *Flor de Mayo* we enter the lives of the fishermen and share their hazardous enterprises. The fatalism of these folk, their rich fund of proverbs and phrases, recall faintly Synge's description of the West of Ireland. But there is all the difference between the modern realistic novelist, who sees only the appearances of things, and the realistic poet, who sees not the outer surface, but the essence, the kernel, and whose realism is of things recollected.

La Barraca (The Cabin) is Ibáñez's most striking work, because in it he reaches the folk. It is a remorseless picture of their relation to the rural problems of Spain. After reading that novel we can understand the pride of race of the Spanish peasant, his superstition and ferocity when roused. With its vivid description of the unpopular landlord, the grumbling peasantry, and the boycotting, this work reminds us of many regional novels of Ireland. There is the same pessimism and inexorable fatalism that we meet in *The Valley of the Squinting Windows*, by Brinsley Macnamara. Don Salvador, the miserly landlord, who is hated by his tenants, wrapped in his old cape even in spring, is a figure that com-

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mands our attention. He could be compared to old Père Grandet, but he is drawn in darker colors. His is the tenacity of the miser who wishes to be in contact with his property at all hours; dogs bark when they see him afar off, as if Death were approaching; children make faces at him; men hide. Tío Barret is an interesting character, for he represents the old feudal peasant who is beginning to rouse himself to action against social conditions.

There is no subtle portrayal of women in Blasco Ibáñez, for his style is too rough. We must, however, make an exception in favor of the attractive Dolores in *Flor de Mayo*, the willful, passionate Neleta in *Cañas y Barro*, and Roseta, the pathetic little drudge in *La Barraca*, who reminds us of Balzac's heroine Pierrette.

The brilliant colors of this naturalist of the Mediterranean must not deter us from finding fault with his lack of sincerity, the lack of proportion which makes his works seem exaggerated. He fails especially with regard to continuity of action; some of his novels are full of endless description, such as *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and *The Enemies of Women*. His later works are works for the cinema, works for exportation abroad among peoples that are ever ready to welcome the cry 'New lamps for old!'

The present writer in a visit to Unamuno at Salamanca in 1921 asked him what he thought of Ibáñez as an artist. The sage replied that Ibáñez was more an impressionist than an artist. Then, to illustrate his meaning, he related an anecdote about him. When Ibáñez was last at Salamanca, Unamuno asked him to visit a second time some interesting parts of the city, such as the Cathedral and the University, but Ibáñez replied: '*No; no me interesa aquello que no me impresiona en una primera mirada*' ('I take interest only in what I see at first impression'). This, according to Unamuno, is characteristic of Ibáñez: he is only a superficial writer, a writer of impressions. He does not know the technics of his art, but writes at once, spontaneously, without reflection.

Miguel de Unamuno is an extreme antithesis to the plethoric author of *The Four Horsemen*. It is not an exaggeration to say that the genius of Unamuno has dominated the intellectual youth of contemporary Spain more than any other. He is rapidly becoming a European figure now that his great works of self-revelation, *The Tragic Sense of Life* and *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, have been translated into other languages. Sometime Rector of Salamanca University and Professor of Greek there, Unamuno has steeped his spirit in the classics. But he is not an elegant devotee of the Thessalian maidens; coming from the Basque country, with its fierce steadfastness and obstinacy, as of the oak, he tries to reject the jewels of style, the melodious cadences, as if they were the flowers of Klingsor's garden. This is characteristic when we remember that Don Miguel is amusical; to him sweet sound is but 'music celestial' — the Spanish synonym for nonsense.

Perhaps, however, this rejection of style is but a courageous defense against the temptation of rhetoric, worthy of such a puritan as Unamuno is. He is, however, a subtle humorist, whose humor meets Landor's definition when he says that 'genuine humor and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.' Very often he recalls Samuel Butler. Like Butler, he likes to treat as absurd prejudice the ideas that are commonly held. Thus he defended idleness, holding the theory that lazy people are necessary for the world in the advance of civilization. Poets, he says, are

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idlers, and it is to these principles of idleness that astronomy owes its origin; that is to say, when man, freed from the necessity of earning his bread, turned his eyes upward and questioned the enigma of the skies. And Unamuno quotes the example of Socrates, who was always seeking for some young man with whom to talk concerning the Human and the Divine.

Like Samuel Butler, he has a mania for upholding impossible theories, and with the essay on 'Idleness' we can compare Butler's book wherein he proves that Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*. Unamuno and Butler remind us of the builders of the Middle Ages who adorned their cathedrals with gargoyles. Both of them often like to play the part of a gargoyle themselves, grinning amid the solemnities of the universe, yet not incongruous. Unamuno might be called *l'enfant terrible* of modern Spain, in spite of his air of puritanical austerity at times, which causes Salvador de Madariaga to compare him very aptly to an elder at an eisteddfod.

Unamuno, in the composition of his novels, follows the exact opposite course to Ibáñez. The latter shows all his power in descriptions *de brocha gorda*, descriptions which delight above all the peoples of misty Northern Europe who long to see a Southern, sensuous Spain, the Spain of Carmen. Unamuno avoids descriptions of landscapes, and even settings of time and place and local color, in order to give the stories greater intensity, and by reducing them to dialogue he accentuates the dramatic character. In the preface to *Andanzas y Visiones Españolas* (Wanderings and Visions of Spain) he makes the following statement: —

> Whoever reads a novel, like a theatre playgoer, is held by the development of the plot, by the interplay of the actions and passions of the characters, and is strongly inclined to skip the descriptions of landscapes, however beautiful they may be.

One of the most characteristic of Unamuno's novels is *Niebla* (Mist), which has the additional merit of anticipating in a way the method of Luigi Pirandello. The plot is a plain, unvarnished story of love and jealousy. But Augusto, the wronged party, does not end the story in the conventional manner. He follows the six characters of Pirandello and goes off to find the author. When he meets him at Salamanca he informs him of his intention to commit suicide. The author, however, tells him that he cannot die, as no such person as Augusto exists in reality. He must go on living in the fantasy of his author. Unamuno does not drive the idea so far as Pirandello, who says that when a character is born it acquires such independence even of the author that it can acquire a meaning which the author never thought of giving it.

In *Abel Sánchez* Unamuno develops another paradoxical subject and draws a general moral for humanity. In Sánchez, the superficial artist, and Monegro, the subtle, introspective doctor, we are shown the two types of humanity: the man who skims the surface and the man who probes the depths. In *Tía Tula* (Aunt Tula), one of his latest novels, the author weaves his story round an elderly spinster, her resigned sadnesses and tribulations. It is surprising that Unamuno has not become a dramatist, for his novels approach near to the dramatic form owing to his habit of suppressing narrative and developing his story by ironical dialogues. On account of his steadfast purity of purpose, his vigorous, manly genius, he stands like a tower in modern Spain.

What a difference when we move farther along the coast to the kingdom of Galicia, whose inhabitants call the

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Irish their brother Celts! Ramón del Valle Inclán is a fit spokesman for Galicia, the source of lyric poetry in the Iberian Peninsula and the last abode of the troubadours. In his prose, as in his verse, we see no trace of the rugged, oaken steadfastness of Unamuno. Instead we listen to sweet, melancholy cadences that seem to be the echo down the centuries of knights in armor and maidens fair. Ramón del Valle Inclán, with his commanding presence, his splendid beard, his romantic personality, is well-nigh a legend in modern Spain; to find a parallel to him we must turn our thoughts to Italy and d'Annunzio. But the likeness between the two writers is only superficial; the Galician is one who has strayed from his native province and consciously walked in the shadow of the great Italian. Like d'Annunzio, he has by means of his culture, his æsthetic sensibility, created for himself an outer, literary personality. The charm in his writing lies in the combination, the interchange between that literary outer covering and the Galician spirit which he has inherited from ancestors descended from the troubadours. Many critics, such as the erudite Julio Casares, have applied the bistoury to that outer personality in order to show all the derivations from d'Annunzio, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Casanova, Eça de Queiros, and others.

The most discussed novels of Don Ramón are the four famous sonatas called by the title of *The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis of Bradomín*. They were written between the years 1902 and 1905, and have only lately been made known to English readers in translation. Though to English readers they will seem rather too reminiscent of the wicked nineties, their curious blend of sensuality and mysticism will arouse interest. The hero, the Marquis of Bradomín, 'ugly, Catholic, and sentimental' throughout the four novels, endures the most amazing adventures. He resembles the Stelio of d'Annunzio, but a worn-out, gouty Stelio, a superman in his dotage. His adventures are nearly always unsavory, and there is a sinister canker which destroys the beautiful images. The harmonious style, polished and subtle, does not save us from a feeling of nausea at the morbid tendencies of such an art. But these works, with their redundant metaphors, their tricks of style imitated from Eça de Queiros, belong to the earlier period. Of later years, he has retired more and more into his native province and tried to evoke popular types, or else he has tried in his epic novels dealing with the Carlist wars to picture the majesty of the people rising against the oppressive tyranny of social orders. Here we are far away from the sadistic sonatas, and we reach something higher and finer in Ramón del Valle Inclán. It is interesting to compare works like *Los Cruzados de la Causa* with Galdós's *Episodios*. Ramón del Valle Inclán less than Galdós tries to describe the events of the war. He makes the whole period live, however, by his vivid descriptions. Like Unamuno, he develops his work dramatically by means of striking scenes.

There is no doubt that Del Valle Inclán's style has gone on increasing in virility, and he has sloughed off by degrees the morbid covering which disfigured his early personality. The traces of the influence of d'Annunzio and Eça de Queiros fade away; the types, such as the proud noble Don Juan Manuel de Montenegro and his son Cara de Plata, are not puppets of fantasy, but real men of flesh and bones who live a life of their own. And in Del Valle Inclán's novels of Galicia we meet peasants, beggars, and

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picaresque nobles that might have stepped out of a picture by Velásquez. Like Thomas Hardy in his Wessex novels, he has the power of casting his modern characters back into the dim past and making them seem the eternal offshoots of the native heath.

If Ramón del Valle Inclán makes us live the life of the Galician peasant and noble, Ramón Pérez de Ayala is the true representative of the mountain region of the Asturias. He is one of the most brilliant of the younger generation, and his novel, *Troteras y Danzaderas*, is without doubt one of the masterpieces of contemporary literature, and true to the traditions of the country that produced 'La Celestina' and 'Lazarillo de Tormes' — knights-errant of the picaresque. What Emerson says of Goethe is true of Ayala: 'He sees at every pore'; by his eye he understands the world, and by means of his fastidiously beautiful style he is able to transmit his sensitive impressions to his readers. Well might Buffon apply to Ayala his favorite dictum: '*La manière dont une vérité est dite est plus utile à l'humanité même que cette vérité.*' He is always at his best when describing vague and queer individuals who forever tilt at windmills, and his epicurean sincerity recalls at times George Gissing. But Ayala writes like a redeemed Gissing, one who could rise untarnished from the contemplation of New Grub Street, and there is not the uniform sadness. There is still left in the brothel scenes of his other powerful novel, *Tinieblas en las Cumbres*, a touch of Rabelaisian vigor inherited from Lazarillo that makes it a contrast to the typical modern novel of vice, always sad in its disillusion. And Ayala always closes his work with a spiritual moral that acts as a balm.

We shall now conclude our survey of the modern Spanish novel with a writer who is in every way a contrast to Ayala. Pío Baroja, who calls himself arch-European, tries hard to avoid all those precious literary qualities of style that are the Asturian writer's heritage. Coming from the Basque country, the most primitive part of the Iberian Peninsula, Baroja prides himself on the boorish, stubborn traits of his race. But Baroja's boorishness is limited to his style, and it must rather be considered the product of his earnest desire to avoid rhetoric. We can imagine him repeating ceaselessly to himself: 'Spanish writers have always in the past run on the reefs of affected rhetoric; they have imitated the worst features of their ancestors, the Romans. I hate Rome, and so I will have none of her writers' bombastic utterances.' Baroja thus never condescends to please, and allows his style to run on carelessly. He often even recalls to our minds Stendhal, who used to study the Code Civil in order to avoid the phrase. Salvador de Madariaga, in his study of the author, says: 'Baroja's style is but the twentieth-century counterpart of a tendency which in the sixteenth century would have made him wear a hair shirt and eat stale bread and spinach boiled in water without salt.' By his stubbornness he resembles Unamuno, also a Basque, but he is far more Socratic in his method than the learned ex-Rector of Salamanca. He is always ready to probe the minds of his learned compatriots, but he does so by means of the most innocent questions. In his autobiographical book, *Juventud, Egolatría*, he explains his humility: —

> Great States, great captains, great kings, great gods, leave me cold. They are for the peoples who inhabit the plains which are watered by fertile streams, for the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Indians, the Germans, or the French. We Europeans of the

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Pyrenees and Alps love small States, small rivers, small gods, with whom we can be on terms of familiarity.

In Baroja even more than in any of the authors we have considered can we note the deep influence of Spain's traditional picaresque novel. As Gómez de Baquero has shown, this return to the picaresque is not artificial in Baroja, but spontaneous, and is not due in any way to the ancient works. But it is certain that Spanish authors are naturally drawn toward the scenes that called forth the wit of Mateo Alemán and Quevedo. Baroja, like Quevedo, observes reality directly without any masks to hinder his vision. In the three early novels which make up what is called the 'picaresque trilogy' we find all the essentials of the ancient novel. The picaresque hero was always one who had to struggle for existence, and the novel described his varied experiences in his travels through the world. At one moment he is in the company of kings and princes; at another he is enduring the blows of a bull's pizzle as he rows in the slave galleys.

In *La Busca* and *Mala Hierba* Baroja excels all his contemporaries in his realistic description of characters drawn from the jetsam and flotsam of humanity. But against those waifs of the storm the author sets up others that are symbols of his moral purpose. Characters such as Roberto Hasting in *Mala Hierba* personify the man of will-power who is able to ride the storm unterrified. A Spanish critic has made some interesting observations concerning the fortunes of the Englishman in Spanish literature. He used to be the personification of extravagance and impassiveness, or else he wore the romantic self-conscious mask of Byron. In our author, however, who draws from reality, the Englishman always contrasts by his energy and firm will with the rest of the characters, who are vacillating and unstable.

In novels such as *Paradox Rey* (Paradox the King), *Tragedias Grotescas* (Grotesque Tragedies), and the long series of works included under the title of *Memoirs of a Man of Action*, Baroja develops the most conflicting views. His mind seems to be a seething-pot wherein are jumbled together in glorious confusion the superman theories of Nietzsche, the anarchical individualist views of Dostoevskii, the Socialism of Zola, the irony of Anatole France, with a dash of the tender sentimentality of Dickens to make the whole mixture hold together. But it is always the same stubborn Baroja who appears before us, and the one literary quality above all others that remains with us is satire. Baroja's satire undermines all our social institutions, all our societies, all our pet conventions, all our sacred beliefs. It is not religion or art that he attacks, but science.

Our old friend Silvestre Paradox, with other characters out of former Baroja novels, sets out to create a new State in Africa. With the colonizers go various other characters representative of different countries. The ship is wrecked, and the party is cast up on an island of savages. But the white men by their intelligence deceive the savages and manage to flee to another island, where they set up a government. Paradox, against his will, is chosen king of the Negroes, and rules efficiently until the French come and bombard the island. The moral of the work is that civilization destroys everything it undertakes. While Paradox rules, the natives are happy and contented, but when official civilization arrives it brings evil with it — drunkenness, syphilis, and vice of all sorts.

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In *Paradox the King* it is possible to analyze the humor of Baroja — humor that approaches sometimes near to that of Swift by its passion. His satire at times makes him a 'social scavenger, working on a storage of bile,' and takes away the serenity of his humor. But it is on account of these qualities that he is the novelist of Spain who should make the widest appeal to the European public.

When we sum up the tendencies of the authors we have considered, we can realize how individualistic is the Spanish genius. There are few schools or *cénacles* of literature in Spain where admiring pupils spread the master's message. The Spaniard is fiercely independent and refuses to follow the lead of any master. There is thus less artificiality than in the literature of the adjacent countries. When we consider poetry or the drama we find certain characteristics that have been imported from France or Italy, but in the novel there is very little trace of foreign imitation. The novel is the form of literature that enables us best to understand the peculiar qualities of the Spanish character. As a writer has stated in a recent article on Spain: 'Spanish culture centres in the family. It is intensive and self-developing, not an expanding, proselytizing force like that of the Anglo-Saxons.'

The writers we have taken as typifying the Spanish race direct their thoughts less toward their country as a whole than toward their local province. Ibáñez at his best is always Valencian, Ayala always Asturian. Baroja is an exception, owing to his European views, but Baroja's Europe is confined to the region between the Pyrenees and the Alps — that is to say, his own Basque country.

Since the war the Spaniards have paid great attention to all the movements of European thought, and Madrid as a literary centre is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world. Spaniards are testing the value of modern institutions, but without pronouncing a verdict. And it is just this conflict in the minds of their writers that makes the modern Spanish novel one of the most interesting of literary manifestations.

CAMERA AND CARBINE IN KAMERUN[1]

BY ÉMILE GROMIER

[THE author is a French medical officer who photographs big game as a pastime.]

FEBRUARY is the best month for hunting in Kamerun. At that season the ground is least encumbered by the high weeds and tall grass that interfere with walking, the streams are low enough to ford, and there are not so many tropical storms as usual.

Mbo, a favorite resort of elephants in this part of Africa, is a beautiful valley. The neighboring mountains rise in mighty volcanic peaks six thousand feet above the sea, and attain their

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *September* 12

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greatest point in Mount Kamerun, more than twelve thousand feet high. In the midst of this great cluster of lava cones, whose craters generally contain little lakes, lies the great fault whose bottom forms the plain of Mbo. The latter is a triangle with its apex at Fongdonera, its base defined by the northern declivity of Mount Manenguba, and its sides bounded by abrupt mountain-flanks covered with sombre forests threaded by many torrential little streams. The whole forms a wonderful zoölogical garden, where it has been my good fortune to pass unforgettable hours.

I start out at daybreak or else shortly before sunset, — in the latter case I sleep at a native village, — in order to be on the ground at an early hour. Riding my horse as far as possible, I then proceed on foot. My baggage is very light — a folding bed, a few provisions, three cameras, and a rifle. The latter is for use only in the last extremity, for a single shot will drive all the wild animals to invisible retreats.

On the particular trip I am about to describe I set forth with my groom and porters at about 5 P.M. That is the moment when the birds, which have been silent during the midday heat, resume their songs and cries. Grouse, nightingales, warblers, and parrakeets make the trees and shrubbery more than vocal with a deafening, discordant chorus.

I pass through the village of Forekachang, which consists of square red adobe huts with tall thatched roofs. The women and naked children in the streets vanish into their houses at the sight of a white man. A thin ribbon of blue smoke drifts out of every door. Black and white pigs root in a mass of garbage. Stocky little goats and great stupid short-wooled sheep graze on the grass and sweet-potato vines.

I ascend a hill from which I can overlook an immense panorama — the Grassfields Plateau, consisting of rolling prairies dotted with huts and cultivated fields. Next I descend ridges covered with dense thickets, ford muddy rivulets that become impassable torrents during the rainy season, and climb a little peak whose sides are encumbered with round granite boulders perched on each other.

This brings me to the edge of the great basin at the bottom of which lies the plain of Mbo. Innumerable brooks dash in noisy cascades toward the Medje River, which winds sluggishly through the level country like a long sinuous serpent. At the last village, where I plan to pass the night, the chief offers me shelter in his own house— hospitality which I perforce accept, though the place is alive with vermin.

In the morning I emerge from my denlike quarters stiff with cold, for the village lies nearly six thousand feet above the sea. A frugal breakfast, and we are en route. Tall herbage wet with dew whips our faces, but ceases abruptly at a place swept by a brush fire. A north wind tears the low-lying mists apart as one might rend a sheet. I select as an observation point a sharp little peak that appears to lie at about the centre of a broad mountain-amphitheatre. We should be quite unable to make our way through the tangle of lianas, climbing plants, matted roots, and impenetrable underbrush if elephants and buffaloes had not already broken trails. The gallery by which we advance is heavy with the vague and varied odors of the flowers hanging languidly a hundred feet above our heads and of the mouldering forest débris that encumbers the ground on every side. A last effort carries us up a sharp ascent where we have to use both hands and feet to scale the smooth rocks; and here we are in my observatory.

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Eagerly I scan the surrounding country through my glasses. A troop of long-tailed monkeys watches me curiously from the summit of a group of little trees. On the verge of an open swale a pair of guibs, or harnessed antelopes, are grazing the young grass. What handsome beasts — the size of a red deer, but even more delicately and gracefully modeled! The buck has straight horns twisted on their axes, and a beautiful red pelt that shines with coppery iridescence in the early-morning sun and is set off by white spots and stripes. The doe is the same general color, but somewhat lighter, and has no horns. At the foot of a gray rock an old, solitary buffalo, his great black ears bearing the scars of battle, stands sniffing the air, meanwhile leisurely chewing a great mouthful of green herbage. A minute later a whole troop of buffalo emerges from an alley in the forest two hundred yards away — four bulls as black as ink, ten cows of a bright-red color, and six light-bay calves. They begin grazing quietly, and it takes an effort to realize that they are wild. But no elephants yet.

Suddenly about five hundred yards away I see what looks like a big black snake roll around a branch of acacia and break it off. A head with immense ears next appears, and a huge elephant emerges from the woods, followed by a young one and later by five other full-grown females. They advance at a solemn pace in single file, tearing up great clumps of herbage and tucking it under their tusks as they walk. A moment later I can see elephants on my left, in the little ravines. I estimate there are about forty, though all are not visible at the same time. Gray backs keep emerging from the foliage, and long trunks reach up and pull down overhanging branches.

All at once a sudden shift in the wind carries our scent in the direction of the browsing animals. Instantly they are on the alert. As if at a word of command, first the guibs, then the solitary old buffalo, then the excited buffalo herd, and last of all the elephants, take flight. The latter disappear in Indian file behind the flank of a mountain, hastening their steps, their tails sticking out straight behind them, their ears flaring like huge trumpets, their trunks in the air — all indicative of their alarm.

Nothing more can be done in that direction. Luckily, however, there are plenty of animals on our left. Descending from my little summit and climbing a knoll covered with dry grass, I stop under a mimosa tree and send a native to reconnoitre. Elephants are quite close, but they are in the shadow of a ravine, where I cannot photograph them. A little farther on, however, an enormous male and a little elephant calf, probably an orphan, are standing in a patch of light. I carefully ascertain the direction of the wind, make a detour to the right, and approach them with great caution. A servant carrying my gun and camera follows at my heels.

Thanks to the concealment of the shrubbery, we are able to creep up within seventy-five yards of the animals. The fine old giant is tearing up reeds and dusting his back and body with the earth adhering to their roots. It is his method of chasing away flies, ticks, and other parasites. The young elephant watches with great interest this lesson in hygiene. The old fellow's great triangular ears wave gently back and forth like fans, and he squints his eyes to avoid the flying dirt. What a superb creature! With my camera in one hand and my rifle in the other I creep yet a little nearer. Just then a cramp stiffens one of my legs. In spite of that, I take several snapshots, but in doing so expose myself enough to be observed.

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The moment the huge animal sees me he drops a great reed as large as a bamboo and advances slowly toward me for closer examination. I try to make a quick retreat, but my cramp seizes me worse than ever and glues me to the spot. Was it the effect of pain? In any case, I lose my presence of mind. Dropping my camera, I raise my gun, and sighting at the ear-opening of the colossus, whose intentions may be either pacific or hostile, I fire.

The enormous mass instantly crashes to the earth. The sharp report echoes from hillside to hillside. Then nature's august silence is broken. Treble squeals and bass rumbling roars fill the air in all directions; a crashing of branches and uprooted trees follows; and I watch, breathless with excitement, a wonderful spectacle. Some fifty elephants, emerging from the ravines and gullies, charge headlong up the mountain directly into the wind, where four little black dots — my men — certainly beat the speed record getting out of the way.

After a time everything is quiet again. The elephants have disappeared. I am left in front of my victim alone with my native servant, who is stupid with fright. I cannot approach the dead animal at once because the little one has remained by his side, indulging in queer acrobatic antics. With his tail stretched out, and his trunk describing arabesques in the air, he stands first on his front leg, and then on his hind leg, like a violently agitated rocking-horse, uncertain what to do. Unfortunately I have used up all my photographic plates and cannot take a picture of this unexpected ballet. Finally I bethink myself to shout at the top of my voice and clap my hands, whereupon the little fellow promptly decides to follow the rest of the troop.

I examine the fallen body. What a pity! There the magnificent creature I was admiring a few minutes ago lies dead before me. A jet of blood shoots out rhythmically more than a yard from the scarcely perceptible hole my bullet has made. The air in his lungs escapes through his trunk with a metallic rattle. I am overcome with shame and remorse. I blame myself for lack of nerve. My native servant, who has never seen an elephant at such close quarters, stares at the body, slapping his open mouth with his hand — as the blacks do under great emotion.

But I must think of getting back. To do so I have to follow the trail of the elephants up the mountain-side to recover my horse, which is picketed on a ridge a good two hours' walk away. The feet of the huge animals have beaten down the grass and shrubbery in their retreat as if a steam-roller had passed over them.

But I am not at the end of my surprises. When I reach the summit I am granted one of the grandest spectacles I ever beheld. Imagine a mighty mountain-range, its sides furrowed by jungle-filled ravines and dotted with granite cliffs; at its foot the plain of Mbo, a carpet of soft green traversed by the silvery waters of the Medje; and right in the centre foreground a compact group of more than fifty elephants, in different poses, but all facing the wind. The effect is more than spectacular. I gaze at the wonderful tableau in ecstasy.

Of course I must have a picture of the herd. So I send my servant to find my fugitive servants, who have carried my other cameras with them, and whom he will probably find at our appointed rendezvous. I am so absorbed by the sight before me that the wait does not seem long. A few belated animals, still in a state of great alarm, join the group — among them a large female followed by a little elephant recently born, then two young ones, and finally three males, of which the last is a

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colossus. Heads high in the air, white eyes rolling, ears flaring out at right angles, trunks waving in the air, tails rigid and horizontal, they look like a routed army that has lost its leader.

My men finally arrive, evidently in great fear of my anger. Pausing only to reprove severely the boy who usually serves as my gun-bearer, and who ought to have shown more pluck, — but secretly sympathizing with their panic nevertheless, — I act quickly. Placing my men on a little summit where they will have nothing to fear, and taking my best camera, I try to get near enough to the knoll where the elephants are grouped to take a panorama view. Unfortunately the sky has become overcast and it is misting. The elephants begin to break up. One group descends close to me toward a little valley, and I am able to photograph it at fifty yards. When they reach the spot that I have just passed, they scent me and hasten to rejoin the others. There they all hold a sort of council, and then deliberately vanish in a big stretch of forest, and are not seen again.

A GERMAN AT GENEVA[1]

BY WOLF VON DEWALL

NINETEEN hundred and twenty-five has been a season of resting and waiting for the League of Nations. Has it been, therefore, also a season of weakness? Every visitor at Geneva knows the contrary. In contrast to last year, when the League tried to give the world a peace constitution in the Geneva Protocol, this has been a year of going slow, of keeping close to reality.

One evidence that the League is growing stronger, that nations appeal to it with increasing frequency and confidence to settle their political problems, is the character of the delegations that have come to Geneva this September. The most important European States have sent cabinet ministers. When men like Chamberlain and Briand think it worth their while to spend days and weeks at Geneva; when Briand brings his Premier to open the Assembly and Loucheur, Paul-Boncour, and Henry de Jouvenel to support him, and when Chamberlain brings Amery, the Minister of Colonies, and Lord Cecil, and Sir Cecil Hurst as his associates, the facts speak for themselves. Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Sweden, and Switzerland are likewise represented here either by their premiers or by members of their cabinets. We might add Belgium, for Vandervelde attended the Council meeting.

Additional evidence that the League is growing stronger is revealed in the debates of the Assembly. Great Britain, who joined with the other Powers last year in drafting the Geneva Protocol, and later rejected it, appeared upon the floor to justify her action. It was not a mere tactical manœuvre,

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *September* 22, 24

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but a definite recognition of the usefulness of the League, when England referred the Mosul controversy to its Council. Surely it is something new for a world-dominating Power to submit a controversy with a comparatively weak Asiatic nation to such an Areopagus instead of settling it with the mailed fist.

In a word, the League is here to stay. Its organization may not inspire enthusiasm, but it is useful. Idealists may not like its constitution. I do not. Instead of being a true league of nations, it is a league of governments. Its evolution tends to make it more markedly so as time goes on. But is this really such a misfortune considering the state of the world to-day? An ideal League presupposes ideal governments in the member countries. If the Assembly were a true world-parliament, if its members were elected by the direct vote of the people, might not those governments refuse to recognize its authority? Under the present constitution the delegations speak with the authority of the governments behind them. What they agree to is virtually binding on their cabinets at home.

The first purpose of the League is to prevent war. That is a purpose it keeps constantly in view. It is also a political clearing-house, an agency for coördinating international policies. . . . But it lacks one thing—a parliamentary opposition. Of course, differences of opinion often arise among the member States, but up to the present this body is dominated by a single will — the will of the Powers that won the World War. Without an opposition the League is beating the empty air; and its resolutions, deprived of the acid test of honest criticism, seem somewhat hypocritical. That is a real danger, to which a league without an opposition is exposed.

Germany may form such an opposition if she becomes a member; but it would be most unfortunate were she to join for that explicit purpose. That would not be opposition, but sabotage. If Germany joins, it must be with a spirit of coöperation; and her criticism must be creative, not destructive.

The Geneva Protocol is in a state of suspended animation, but it is still alive. The delegates are agreed not to bring it up in its original form at the present time. Last year's change of ministry in England, which only a few skeptics anticipated, is responsible for this. Had it not been for British opposition, the Protocol probably would already have been adopted, notwithstanding its bitter opponents.

Everyone knows what Britain's objections are. Her people will not assume the obligation of enforcing its sanctions; they also hesitate to bind themselves to submit all controversies affecting the Empire to compulsory arbitration. At the meeting of the League Council last March Mr. Chamberlain was very explicit on the latter point; but he wisely kept silent regarding it at the present session and confined himself to England's objections to the sanctions, especially to some obviously difficult applications of them. France now sides with England in this matter. She is ready to table the Protocol because Chamberlain and Briand have reached an understanding for regional treaties, particularly a Guaranty Pact with Germany. So these two leading Powers have passed along to the other members of the League instructions to wait awhile and see how the regional treaties work.

Herriot's formula last year was: arbitration, security, disarmament. That meant security must be obtained by arbitration, and after that it would be possible to disarm. That is still the French thesis. A large majority of the delegates endorsed this theory in 1924,

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as they do this year, although it is technically incorrect. For it is contrary to the Paris peace treaties, which provide for general disarmament as soon as the defeated Powers have fulfilled the obligation to disarm that they impose. We may admit that France is mentally, but not legally, in an exceptional situation. When the Versailles Treaty was signed, she thought that England and the United States would guarantee her security. They have not done so, and she believes herself inadequately protected. While this does not give her additional treaty-rights against Germany, the German Government has recognized the situation by offering the Guaranty Pact. But how about other countries? Are they entitled to demand special security treaties? And if so, where is the thing going to stop?

The general debates at the full sessions of the Assembly show that several governments have no thought of entering into regional compacts. Either they have no controversies with their immediate neighbors, or they believe that local arrangements with their opponents are inadequate and that only a more comprehensive arrangement will assure peace. . . .

France is clearly of the opinion that, if better relations can be established between herself and Germany, not only will her people be relieved of the heavy taxes they now pay for armaments, but the lessened tension throughout Europe will induce the smaller Powers to disarm. Her delegates naturally count upon the moral pressure of the League to promote this movement. But there remains the danger that, even after better relations are established between France and Germany, the smaller Powers will still refuse to disarm until they also secure guaranty pacts. Beneš stated this explicitly: 'In case the disarmament question is taken up at the next Assembly, it may happen that several governments will feel compelled to declare that their security is not sufficiently guaranteed. Then we shall be confronted again with the question of some general settlement, for disarmament cannot be brought about except by universal consent.'

This brings the League face to face with the question of what is to be done after a Security Pact, or several security pacts, have been signed. The delegates of France and of several other countries optimistically anticipate a return to the Geneva Protocol, since the regional pacts will follow closely the provisions of the Protocol, which will actually be in force so far as relations between their signatory Powers are concerned. But that depends upon how many such pacts are concluded. Too few are in prospect at present to create a general rule. That is particularly true in respect to Great Britain. The opposition of the people of England and the Dominions to any general agreement like the Protocol is due primarily to their refusal to be drawn automatically into wars that do not immediately concern them. It is only out of special consideration for France that England is willing to guarantee her eastern frontier, and then only subject to many precautionary qualifications. Since the very existence of the British Empire depends upon unanimity of action in such cases, it is hard to see what justification the French have for their present optimism as to the ultimate adoption of the Protocol.

On the whole, it would probably be better if the French did not take this prospect too much to heart. Many Protocol advocates in other countries, while endorsing that instrument in principle and expressing vague hopes of its ultimate adoption, have evidently reconciled themselves to alternative measures. In fact, most of them will be

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satisfied with a general acceptance of the principle that international disputes shall be settled by arbitration, through reference either to the International Tribunal at The Hague or to a body especially appointed for that purpose. This idea has been set forth excellently by many of the speakers, particularly the representative of Switzerland. Great interest was manifested in the account that Señor Bello-Codesido, a delegate from Chile, gave of what had been accomplished in this direction during the last few years in the Western Hemisphere. That gentleman said: —

'The American continent has taken an important step forward toward adopting procedure for the peaceful settlement of disputes, by its success in accomplishing intellectual disarmament. The Pan-American Congress at Santiago adopted a convention by which all the signatory States bind themselves to submit to an investigating commission any dispute occurring between them that is not referred under existing treaties to a board of arbitration. While the investigating commission is ascertaining the facts in the case, both parties bind themselves not to mobilize, not to commit any hostile act, and not to make any preparation for war. Even after the investigating commission has made its report, six months must elapse for negotiations, with a view to a peaceful settlement. This procedure, supplementing the existing arbitration treaties, is therefore already in force over an entire continent, and should be borne in mind by the League of Nations as America's contribution to world peace.'

Other representatives of Latin-American Powers spoke with equal commendation of the Pan-American arrangement. What does it amount to? The people at Geneva really knew very little about it. Europe and America are two entirely distinct worlds, although they have the same civilization and are supposed to share their cultural achievements. Our international-law experts, of course, know all about these Pan-American peace measures, but the general public in Europe ought also to be familiar with them. For our old continent clearly has a good deal to learn from America, and the example of what has been done over there may be of great use to the League of Nations.

Indeed, many thinking people at Geneva are already considering seriously certain arguments in favor of decentralizing the League. Beneš, who is naturally a defender of the Protocol, referred to this in his speech at the present session: —

'The League of Nations is essentially a world institution. That constitutes its strength and in certain cases its weakness. When facing particular difficulties it is forced to compromise and take provisional measures unworthy of its real character as a legislature for all mankind. The League's enemies pounce upon these things to show that it is a failure, and the League's friends fear it may compromise itself by half-measures. This raises the extremely important question whether we must not perhaps reconsider the constitution of the League, and contemplate the possibility of amending the Covenant so as to decentralize it after the fashion of a Federal State.'

Beneš, like several other delegates, has become interested during the past year in Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's plan for a Pan-European Union. That gentleman believes that the League of Nations should be split up into several groups possessing wide autonomy. He thinks that the British Empire ought not to belong to the European branch, because its world-wide interests outside of Europe make it unwilling to commit

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itself to radical action in case of purely European questions. Coudenhove's logic is interesting; but logic and politics do not always harmonize. The danger in Coudenhove's plan is that it might unite the Continent of Europe in an economic and political bloc against England. Such a development clearly would not promote peace, and might cause future conflicts.

Europe still needs England, both to help her keep the peace and to restore her economic prosperity. She will not sever herself from England at present. She also needs the other continents. That is why we must keep an eye on this Pan-European Union movement. The League's present difficulties predispose some men to favor Coudenhove's theories. Let us hope, however, that no immediate attempt will be made to put them into practice. In any case, too much theory is bad for the League. Its strength, its vitality, its chance of survival, depend primarily upon wise political guidance and a clear vision of realities. Right here lies the importance of the Security Pact between Germany and France. Those two countries are primarily responsible for the future of the League. If they cannot agree, if they remain persistent enemies, the League can hardly survive. But if Germany and France become true friends, they will give the peace movement such impetus that the other difficulties facing the League can in all probability be surmounted.

IN UNEXPLORED KARAKORAM. II

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

On his expedition in 1893, General Cockerill, the only explorer who has preceded us to this depth in the mountains, did not visit the Bara-khun valley that enters the Khunjerab at the point where we were now encamped. We therefore decided to explore it before proceeding farther up the main valley, although our coolies were very reluctant to lose more time on the way to Shimshal. In any case, we should be delayed a few days, because most of our people had been sent back to bring up our reserve provisions, which we had cached a few marches farther down the river. Consequently we had only six men for our trip, and our party had to be very small. My wife decided to remain behind to complete her botanical collection; my friend and Franz planned to devote the interval to hunting; while I took Affras Gul, our topographer, and Johann, our second guide, as my companions.

Our principal object was to discover the source of the Bara-khun. The valley was one of the most beautiful I ever saw. For a time the river was bordered by graceful flowering shrubbery and birches. It widened, as we advanced, into a basin of sand and gravel overhung by threatening cliffs. We came across signs that convinced us that shepherds pastured their sheep on the grassy spots from time to time.

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Presumably they entered the valley from Chinese Turkestan late in the autumn.

We had proceeded about ten miles when, upon turning a corner, we were surprised to find ourselves confronting an immense glacier, which filled the entire valley. Our astonishment was the greater because we had been assured that no large glaciers or high mountains would be encountered in this direction. While pondering over this unexpected development, we did full justice to the bread and soup that formed our evening meal, and immediately afterward crawled into our sleeping-bags. We had brought no tent, on account of the small number of carriers, but were very comfortable nevertheless, for the night was not cold and the starry heavens were clear.

About half-past three in the morning Johann awakened me, and after a hasty breakfast we started off without awakening Khan Sahib and the coolies. An hour brought us to the glacier. Rather remarkably, it had no terminal moraine; and other evidences indicated that it was advancing rapidly. We could see at the edge where it was destroying the grass and flowers as it crept forward.

About a mile farther up we found the source of the Bara-khun. Instead of breaking out of the base of the glacier, as is usual, it had formed a channel around one side of the lower end. Eagerly scanning our surroundings, we advanced without difficulty along the lateral moraine. Apparently we were entering a region of giant glaciers. Several, two of them of considerable size, formed tributaries of the larger glacier just below us. An amphitheatre of slender peaks more than twenty thousand feet high nearly encircled us. The glacier itself was unusually smooth, exhibiting few crevasses, and we made rapid progress on the hard snow that covered it. At what appeared to be its head, directly in front of us, was a gorge between two peaks, which we immediately inferred was the Pass. This proved to be the case, and after a climb of nearly seven hours we stood on the summit of the divide and looked over into China.

'Sir,' said Johann 'let 's go down a little on the other side and drink a cup of China tea.' So while he busied himself with the spirit lamp, I surveyed the scene before me, greatly surprised to find it so different from what I had anticipated. Directly in front of us descended a broad, frightfully steep glacier, hemmed in between high ragged-topped cliffs and bending toward the north, where the view was cut off by a range of snow-capped mountains. The point where we stood was probably one of the most difficult entrances to the Celestial Kingdom.

We were now at an elevation of eighteen thousand feet, and could see that the glacier extended nearly a mile beyond us, so that its entire length was about ten miles.

Occasional flakes of snow and dark clouds gathering above warned us not to tarry. But before returning to camp we made a little detour to the north to get a glimpse of a second pass, likewise leading into Chinese territory. From this point we looked down into a dizzy abyss that ended in a wild chaos of ice sheets and yawning chasms. This pass could never be used, but natives later told us that the other was well known and often traversed.

I made a few hasty meteorological observations, took compass bearings, and then we turned back. The descent was difficult, for the snow was growing soft. Halfway down, just below the moraine, we met Affras Gul, who had pushed forward rapidly and was somewhat exhausted. Returning together to our bivouac, we stopped for a short

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rest and then resumed our march down the valley, for we planned to reach our Bara-khun camp that evening in order to continue our way up the Khunjerab with the whole caravan the following morning. As we stumbled over the stones in the darkness, it seemed as if the valley were endless, and it was ten o'clock before we caught sight of the welcome light of our camp fire glimmering in the distance. It had been a long day's trip, more than eighteen hours, and we were delighted to get back to the little white tent under the trees that was home to us in this great wilderness.

Five days have elapsed since our return from Bara-khun, and I write this in our camp in the Kuksel valley, at the source of the Khunjerab. Only a short distance separates us from the glacier leading to the pass across which we hope to reach the Ghujerab. Yesterday we sent our first detachment of coolies ahead under Franz's guidance. They all reached the summit of the pass without difficulty, deposited their burdens, and returned to camp the same night. Our carriers are so few that we were obliged to give them this extra march. Luckily, however, it only encouraged them.

This morning a second party under Johann and the Baron set out with the intention of crossing the pass and overtaking Franz on the other side. My wife and I shall follow to-morrow with our six coolies, two of whom require another day's rest on account of a slight illness. An extra day is always welcome. Far from meaning *dolce far niente*, it has been crowded with a host of duties. Our little camp is very quiet and peaceful. High up above the moraine I can see a tiny Alpine meadow ensconced in a little niche as if it were pasted on the mountain-side between the great cliffs that embrace it. The warm air is filled with the fragrance of blossoms. Only the gurgling rumble of the river breaks the silence. On the farther side of the valley a flock of goats is grazing.

FARMER AND PEASANT IN RUSSIA[1]

AN AGRICULTURAL EXPLORATION

BY FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH

[THE author, who is a retired Major-General of the German army and a man of high family connections, is a prominent pacifist.]

A COMMUNIST district committee, whose head is a former metal-worker about thirty years old, has general control over agricultural affairs in the vicinity of Leningrad. The chairman is an agreeable, sensible fellow, assisted by a German farmer, from a German colony on the Neva, as technical adviser. These men readily furnished me the information I requested, and made it possible for me

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *August* 14, 20, 25, 29, *September* 5, 9

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to see with my own eyes whatever I desired.

Several large estates and a great number of small freeholds lie near Russia's former capital. In dividing the big properties the Bolsheviki kept two objects in view — to assure a food supply for Leningrad, and to enlarge the smaller peasant-holdings to a minimum of twenty acres. In carrying out this programme some of the big estates were subdivided and others were kept intact.

I decided to visit first the Levashovo dairy farm, which was reported to be one of the best in the vicinity. Its handsome manor house, which is picturesquely situated on a forest-encircled lake, was built by Catherine II. Until the Revolution the property belonged to a count who neglected its cultivation and derived his chief revenues from its woodlands. Several new buildings just completed showed that the Communists had been forced to start from the beginning. The manor house had been converted into a convalescent home for workers. About eighteen hundred acres of arable land are included in the property, of which three hundred and sixty are under the plough. The soil is a light clay. Altogether forty-eight people are employed. The manager, a competent man who in the old days managed another large property in the neighborhood, is paid one hundred and fifty rubles, or the equivalent of seventy-five dollars, a month, while the wages of laborers and milkmaids range from fifteen to thirty dollars a month. In addition, all employees receive free lodging, firewood, and light, and are sold their staple provisions for a little less than cost.

The estate is now stocked with thirty-two horses, including twenty-four work-animals, two stallions, and six foals, one hundred and thirty milch cows, three bulls, and twenty heifers. The cattle are not all of the same breed, but principally Holstein and Angleseys. The milk register showed an average daily milking of fourteen hundred litres. The best cow had given twenty-two litres the previous day. Milk is the only product sold at present. It goes to a health resort on the Finnish Gulf, and brings five and one-half cents a litre at the farm. The fine hogpens were almost empty. In reply to my inquiry as to why this was, the manager told me that North Russian hogs are so expensive to fatten that he was not able to compete with shippers from Southern Russia.

The laborers' cottages consisted of one or two rooms and a kitchen and were no different from those one generally sees in Germany. I had abundant opportunity to talk freely with the employees. When I asked them if they ever struck they simply laughed. I thought the method of labor administration a sensible one. Of the forty-six people on the estate only three are Communists. They have a Labor Committee that in case of controversy deals with the Managing Committee. If the two bodies cannot agree, a Conciliation Committee is appointed. If a laborer refuses to abide by the decision of the latter body he is dismissed. One of the men said to me: 'No one is such a fool as to strike when he knows that he can get justice by other means.'

I observed one of the employees reading during luncheon hour. Peeking curiously over his shoulder, I saw with astonishment that the title of his book was *The Psychology of the Senses*. He proved to be an exceptionally intelligent fellow who had been teaching for nearly two years in the Labor University at Leningrad but was employed during the summer vacation at his old trade. I likewise visited a

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little library. During 1924 the farm paid seven hundred and fifty dollars in government taxes and made a net profit of twenty-five hundred dollars, which was turned over to the district committee. I left the place with the impression that it was a well-run, self-supporting institution.

As the following day was a holiday, I was advised to stay in Leningrad, because all the trains and public conveyances would be overcrowded. I made up my mind, however, to hunt up the German district agricultural adviser in his village, without saying anything about it, in order to have a few hours' unhampered conversation with him. It was necessary to go for two hours on foot and then be ferried across the Neva in order to reach the place where he resides. It was a settlement of one hundred and twenty German families, whom Catherine II brought here from Bavaria and Württemberg over one hundred and fifty years ago. Peter Dege, the man I was seeking, proved to be an unusually frank, quick-witted, well-informed man. He told me a little sadly that I was the first German who had ever visited him.

The houses of the German farmers here impressed me very pleasantly. Unfortunately it has been the custom for several generations to divide the father's farm equally among his sons, and consequently the holdings are now too small. This is aggravated by the fact that everyone wants a little frontage on the village street, so the lots are likewise extremely narrow. For example, Peter Dege owns a ribbon of land only thirty-five feet wide and over two miles long.

The ground is an excellent light clay. Three-year crop-rotations with one year's fallowing and manuring are the universal practice. The first two crops after manuring are invariably potatoes, and oats are sown the third year. The only cash crop is potatoes, which are hauled to Leningrad by the farmers themselves and sold there for one dollar and fifteen cents a hundredweight. The potatoes that I saw were excellent, and the usual crop is said to be eleven hundred pounds avoirdupois an acre. I should have supposed from those I saw that it was even larger. Things were not standing still. Five new experimental varieties were being tested at the time of my visit. But while the potatoes seemed to be excellent, the oats looked miserable — very small kernels, and sown too thick. The farmers ordinarily use one hundred and fifty pounds of seed to an acre. Those with whom I talked were aware that they could get a better yield by drilling, but said they had no machinery for this.

One farmer, who had only twenty acres of land and five sons, had petitioned the District Committee at Leningrad for farms for them. The Committee had allotted him two hundred acres in a good location. His only worry was lest the English might come and start another war. He was waiting to be reassured on that point before he began to develop his new holding.

I asked Dege confidentially how he got along with his Committee and with the Communist leaders. He said he could n't complain, because they were doing their best to help the farmers. Naturally I have heard many expressions of dissatisfaction, but I do not feel competent to judge these complaints.

Among the old institutions suspended by the Revolution and Civil War in Russia was the famous Nizhni Novgorod Fair. When I reached the city this August, twelve days after its formal opening, nine tenths of the

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booths stood empty. Practically no Asiatics were present, and the only signs of activity were at the main building, where what resembled an ordinary country fair was in progress.

Several reasons account for the decline of this famous institution. First of all, there is the loss of confidence in international trade which all nations have experienced since the war. In the second place, during the eight years when the Fair was in abeyance trade sought new channels, through which it still continues to flow. Furthermore, the federal constitution of Soviet Russia has resulted in its constituent autonomous republics trying to build up their own commercial centres. Last of all, the State trusts and coöperatives now monopolize much of the business formerly done at the Fair.

Leaving Nizhni Novgorod on a clean, comfortable, and well-managed steamer, I traveled for two days into the heart of the newly erected Tatar Republic, which was in the very centre of the famine district of 1921 and 1922. At Kazan its prime minister, Gabidulin, an agreeable gentleman about thirty-five years old, came on board. He told me how badly his people were treated under the Tsars. The present Government, he told us, had restored much of the land that had been taken away from his people and given to rich Russian landlords by the old rulers. We could see from the deck of the steamer a few newly laid out villages.

Three agencies have the chief credit for carrying this part of the country through the famine: Nansen's Organization, The American Relief, and The International Workers Aid Society. The Tatar Republic has placed three large estates at the disposal of the last-mentioned society, which I visited. Driving for twelve or thirteen miles from the steamer-landing through treeless, hilly country having a black, light-clay soil, we reached Kornuchovo, one of these properties. It is managed by a young agricultural expert from Holstein, who received his college training in Germany. In the hands of the International Workers Aid Society, Kornuchovo serves as a sort of model farm for the neighboring villages, though it is also expected to yield an income. I found no blooded stock here, and the cattle are of an indeterminable mixed breed, but the yield of milk on pasture-fed cows is ten litres a day, which is fairly satisfactory. The milk is made into butter on the estate, and the product sold in the neighboring towns. The horses were good animals considering their unscientific breeding.

Only half of the original property is embraced in the present estate, the remainder having been subdivided among the peasants, who were allotted about four acres of ploughland and a proportionate share of grazing and woodland for every member of their families. So a family of ten, which is not rare here, received altogether in the neighborhood of one hundred acres. The usual crop-rotation is one year winter grain, then one year summer grain or potatoes, after which the fields lie fallow for a year. This season was a very dry one, with only a moderate yield. The principal faults are shallow ploughing and oversowing with poor seed. The yield per acre the present season was from twenty to twenty-five hundredweight of potatoes, from four to five hundredweight of rye, and from three to three and one-half hundredweight of oats. This is about two thirds of a maximum crop.

I was pleased to notice that the peasants seem ready to adopt better methods of cultivation. Even the most backward among them no longer ploughs with the old wooden plough,

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but with a modern implement. On the estate itself motor-ploughs and tractors are employed. I heard the peasants talking everywhere of the big crops that could be raised with improved seed, and personally examined parallel strips of rye and oats sowed with the old seed and with new varieties of imported seed, some of which were previously unknown to me. The best drill-sowed rye yielded eleven hundredweight per acre as compared with six hundredweight for rye similarly sowed in identical soil with native seed. While I was there peasants kept coming up to pick ears from the experimental strips, which they rubbed out in the palms of their hands in order to examine the kernels.

The old manor house has been converted into a children's home and a workers' club. Icons, often with lamps burning before them, were to be seen in every peasant's hut. The old people still attend church, but the young folks play football. In one peasant's home there was also a picture of the Tsar. When I inquired about it, the fellow smiled and said he could n't leave the wall without anything to make it look pretty. None of the peasants belongs to the Communist Party; but they are all gratified at what the International Workers Aid Society is doing for them, and it is certain that if the present Government were to try to take away their new children's home and workers' club and to return the manor house and land to the old landlord it would immediately have a bitter revolt on its hands.

When we reached the Kama River again on our way to Ismerie, the second property operated by the International Workers Aid Society, it was as dark as pitch. We had brought three ferrymen with us from the nearest village. When I scanned with my practised sailor's eyes the little boat that was to carry us across the broad stream I did not believe it possible for our whole party to get over in a single trip. Even the manager of Kornuchovo, who accompanied us, was equally doubtful. But the head ferryman merely smiled and said: 'You have got only four horses and two wagons.' And, in fact, we made the passage in a single load without incident, although the Kama is about five hundred yards wide at this point. On the other side we scrambled up a high bushy bank, and in half an hour were at the village where we were to pass the night.

A peasant who was field watcher on the Ismerie estate received us at this point with true Russian hospitality. Although it was nearly midnight, he heated the samovar. We must also have a bite to eat after our long journey, and several fine sterlet sturgeon were in his fish-trap. They are a specialty of the Kama. When our host showed us four big fish floundering about in his basket I assumed he intended to cook only one for us. Imagine my astonishment twenty minutes later when I discovered he had prepared a whole fish for each of our party. In the middle of the table he set a large bowl of fish soup, into which each guest thrust his wooden spoon.

I was a little worried over our sleeping-accommodations. The temperature of the room, which would have been warm in any case after an insufferably hot day, had been raised almost to the baking point by the blazing fire. When I asked whether it would n't be possible to sleep outside, as the night was warm and clear, the peasant readily assented. He took us out to the roof of the machinery shed, which we reached by a short ladder, and there we slept soundly on a mattress of pea-vines.

Our wagon journey of twenty-five miles next day to Ismerie was through

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cultivated country. The yield of grain, which already stood harvested in the shooks, appeared to be about the same as on the poorer fields at Kornuchovo; but most of the country was covered with great expanses of orach as far as the eye could see. It looked as if it had been cultivated. I got out of the wagon several times to see if I could discover signs of potato, buckwheat, or millet under these luxuriant weeds, but there was no evidence that anything had been planted. Indeed, the present season these three crops had been an utter failure. I now understood how it happens that this wild spinach which we saw extending so luxuriantly before us, and which thrives almost without rain, forms the principal food of the peasants in times of severe drought.

This brings me to one of the principal economic problems of the new agriculture in Russia. In the old days the large estates, which were cultivated with at least some regard to modern methods, produced most of the grain for export. Now that these estates have been subdivided, that source of national revenue has for the time being largely disappeared. But formerly the peasant, who was the principal taxpayer, went hungry. Now he has all he wants to eat. More than that, he is beginning to interest himself in selected seed, seed drills, and artificial fertilizer. In time, therefore, he may raise a surplus of grain quite as large as that provided by the old landed estates. . . .

I have observed some things in the Tatar Republic that throw light upon the psychology of the Revolution. Its violence depended largely upon the way the people had been treated under the old régime. The Tatars, who had been deprived of the better land and forced to content themselves with the poor lands that were left, were more savage than the Russians. Peasants who had been illtreated by their masters burned the manor houses. Those who had been well treated sheltered the old estate-owners from the Tatars.

I saw two significant extremes only thirty miles apart. In the days of the Tsars an Italian marquis inherited a great estate upon the Volga. He himself never visited it, but employed a Russian count as his manager. That gentleman was a kindly, sympathetic man, who tried to help the peasants by all means in his power. When the Bolshevist decree partitioning the estate arrived, he said to his peasants: 'All this land now belongs to you, but I want to earn my living.' Thereupon the peasants answered: 'You helped us before; we 'll help you now. We 'll let you have the manor house, the barns, the gardens, and the best field. Join our coöperative.' Later, when roving Tatars invaded the neighborhood to plunder the estate, the peasants drove them off with bloody heads. The former count is still alive, dwelling contentedly among the peasants at Shabanga Estate upon the Volga.

The opposite extreme was in the village of Sorochi Gory on the Kama, where we got our ferrymen. A rich Moscow merchant had built a big, ostentatious palace there, in the midst of the poorest peasant-huts. He used to come every summer to spend a few weeks at the place and enjoy the magnificent view it afforded over the Kama Valley. But he never took the slightest interest in the common people. When I passed through the village all of the former palace that was left was the steel frames of its two towers, rising like skeletons against the sky.

The steamer that was to take us back to Kazan after a three hours' wagon-journey was scheduled to leave at 10 P.M. We expected her to be one or two hours late. At the landing no

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one knew when she would arrive, although the office had telegraph communication up and down the river. At least two hundred people were waiting like ourselves for the boat. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, nor was there room even to sit down in the wharf-shed. But several hundred bags of grain were lying on the wharf waiting to be shipped. As I was very tired with the constant traveling of the last few days, I stretched myself out on these sacks of grain. A Russian peasant lay on one side of me, and on the other a Tatar woman with a little child whom she vainly tried to quiet. Nevertheless I slept so heavily that I did not notice until sunrise that my pillow had been a slaughtered sheep sewed up in a piece of bagging.

When the boat did arrive we found her clean, tidy, and orderly; and the caviar on the bill of fare, which cost only about a dollar a pound, was some consolation for my bed of rye and mutton the night before.

When the Revolution of 1917 occurred, the land situation varied widely in different parts of Russia. Villages existed like the German colony I visited upon the Neva, where the land was owned by the peasants in long narrow strips running back from the village street; in other villages the peasants owned and cultivated definite fields belonging to them; and finally there were villages where the old communal system still prevailed. Therefore the Communists, when they seized power, could do no more than indicate certain very general rules for dividing the land and leave details to each village board. It was intended that peasants should receive a given amount of land for each member of their families.

But while this subdivision was going on disbanded soldiers from the front, war prisoners from distant lands, and unemployed laborers from the cities were all flocking back to their native villages. Among them were many lawless, war-brutalized men, who terrorized the other peasants and refused to work. For a time the Communists committed the blunder of using such men as their agents; but they have learned their mistake, and are trying to correct it. The old industrious peasants who raise large crops and are ready to try new farming-methods are now encouraged by loans and lighter taxes.

Where the land was already owned in fee simple, all that remained to be done was to register the boundaries, according to the principle just mentioned. But difficulties arose where communal farming, which is the rule throughout Central Russia, still survived. In the Tatar Republic all the land belonging to the village is divided into three big fields, one for winter grain, another for summer grain, and a third for fallow land. Each of these three fields is then subdivided so that every family receives a part of it proportionate to the number of members in it. This subdivision occurs every year. A great readjustment, according to the quality of the soil and the distance from the village, is made every nine years, so that a peasant as a rule cultivates approximately the same piece of land for that period. Cattle are grazed in common.

Since minor crops like flax, hemp, potatoes, — which are not as important a vegetable as with us, — buckwheat, millet, and cabbage are planted in the summer field, one sees everywhere in Russia large continuous tracts of winter grain, smaller tracts of summer grain interspersed with patches of diversified crops, and other great fields lying fallow. A man traveling through Russia just now, and seeing great

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stretches of rye stubble covering thousands of acres, might imagine that the country consisted of great estates. Instead of this, the stubble is upon a large number of nine-year peasant-allotments.

In spite of this equal division of the land according to the size of families, there are still rich peasants and poor peasants in almost every village. The latter owe their poverty to misfortune, indolence, or vice. The peasant who loses a cow or a horse may have to work several years to replace it. Such men hire out as day laborers to their more fortunate neighbors.

The Ukraine, which is a Federal State of the Russian Soviet Republic, owes its wealth to its deep loamy soil, which makes its fields among the most fertile of all Europe. In order to get a fair impression of average conditions here, I visited a number of villages near the line dividing the governments of Kharkof and Poltava.

A visitor is impressed at once by the greater well-being of the country people here as compared with those along the Volga. Their houses are neater and better built, and almost invariably painted white. Some are tidily thatched; others have tile, tin, or composition roofs.

All the land has been subdivided among the peasants, each family receiving one third of its allotment close to the village, a third a little farther away, and the other third near the boundary of the communal property. Every peasant is entitled theoretically to a certain amount of land for each member of his family, but no one wishes to have more than eight dessiatines, or about twenty English acres, because taxes are graduated and increase rapidly on any holding larger than that area. This year the average grain-crop per acre is reported to be: winter wheat, about six hundredweight; spring wheat, four hundredweight; rye, seven hundredweight; oats, six hundredweight. Personally I think these figures too low. Possibly the peasants have understated their crops in order to escape taxation.

To illustrate the quality of the soil, I saw one field that, after lying fallow for ten years, had been planted with potatoes without fertilizing. Except for a few bad spots, I estimated the crop to be at least one hundred hundredweight an acre. This year the peasants have been paid only one dollar and eighty cents a hundredweight for wheat and one dollar and twenty-five cents a hundredweight for rye, delivered at the railway station. This marked difference between the farmer's price and the general market price of agricultural produce exists all over Russia. It is the result of high marketing costs due to lack of transportation, and perhaps to other charges. As a consequence wages vary widely in different localities. Nowhere else have I found them as high as around Leningrad.

In the Ukraine the peasants till the land more intensively than in other parts of Russia. They usually plant different crops upon a field for six seasons in succession and then let the land lie fallow for one year. My visit was in the midst of the threshing season.

Peasants go around from farm to farm performing this labor. A few of the wealthier have threshing machines with which they thresh for their neighbors. Quite recently the agricultural coöperatives have purchased several threshers, which they are selling to members on installments. So many seeders were imported this year that every peasant in the district now uses them. Only a part of the stable manure is put on the field.

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The rest is mixed with clay in briquettes and burned as fuel.

I was struck by the poor quality of the grain that I saw being threshed. The peasants attribute this to the drought, but I think that poor seed is chiefly responsible. One evidence of the gradual betterment of farm equipment is the number of abandoned windmills one sees around the villages, small motors having taken their place.

There was plenty to eat and drink in the peasant villages: kvass, a mildly alcoholic drink prepared from fermented bread, tea sweetened with honey or jam, excellent borsch, the beet soup common almost everywhere in Russia, and *kasha*, or baked buckwheat.

AN UNPOPULAR CELEBRITY[1]

AN ITEM FROM SCOTLAND YARD

Son of a prosperous German merchant, Carl Emsden was born in Barmen in 1883 and was educated at the University there and at Bonn. At the latter place he became acquainted with a student named Kupferle, with whom he was afterward closely associated in this country just prior to the outbreak of the war. Kupferle, it will be remembered, was the German who after the outbreak of hostilities was arrested as a spy and who, knowing that the evidence against him was indisputable, committed suicide in Brixton Jail while awaiting trial. Carl Emsden had managed to get out of the country just after the declaration of the war, and was enrolled in the Prussian Guards. Documents found in Kupferle's possession indicate that Emsden was engaged with him in espionage work for some time before the war began.

Being badly wounded about the middle period of the war, Emsden obtained his discharge from the army as no longer fit for service. He managed to make his way to the United States. Here he posed as an Englishman under the name of the 'Honorable Trevor Tempest,' who had been invalided from the British Army. Perfect as a linguist, highly educated, and charming in looks and manner, he acted his part perfectly. Criminal by nature, Emsden, soon after arriving in New York, had sought out and joined forces with a gang of high-class burglars and hold-up men. The head of this gang was Gerald Chapman, then entirely unsuspected and looked upon as a wealthy man about town. Now he is notorious as one of America's most expert thieves and most cold-blooded of gunmen, and is at present in Sing Sing Prison under sentence of death for murder. Emsden was his jackal. He charmed American Society, and especially Society women, with the sole view of discovering how best Chapman and his gang could separate them from their valuables. In one year it is estimated that with Emsden's aid the gang secured over forty thousand pounds' worth of jewels and other property.

Toward the middle of 1919, thinking it advisable to give New York a rest,

[1] From the *Whitehall Gazette, September*

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Carl Emsden and Gerald Chapman came to London. They posed as two wealthy American visitors, and took an elaborately furnished flat in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. Here Emsden was 'Mr. Phillip Sassoon,' and Chapman 'Mr. Gerald Garfield.' They spent money lavishly in the West End, and made many wealthy friends. These latter were royally entertained at champagne suppers in the Albermarle Street flat, where also very heavy card-playing took place. Many persons prominent in Society suffered heavy losses, but not a hint of unfair play was ever given. Then the two went to America.

Now came the parting of the ways. Chapman took up with a gang of gunmen who were train bandits and bank 'hold-up' experts. This line of business did not suit Emsden, who returned to London, again as 'Mr. Phillip Sassoon.' Back in his West End haunts he soon got in again with the fashionable and wealthy persons on whom he meant to prey. He had several hotel addresses, but his private hiding-place was a little unpretentious lodging in Endell Street, Long Acre. Here he kept all sorts of disguises, and also, incidentally, the booty he obtained until he could dispose of it to the 'receivers' with whom he was always in touch. It was a letter from one of these gentry that brought about Carl Emsden's downfall. He had been a guest at a dinner party at a house in Park Street, Knightsbridge. The next day the hostess missed a very valuable pearl necklace and reported its loss to the police. Later she met Emsden and told him of her loss, finding him exceedingly sympathetic. He walked with her some distance, and by some mischance dropped a letter from his pocket. It so happened that a detective picked it up, read it, and whistled softly with amazement. It was a note from a receiver. Then events moved apace. In less than two hours Emsden was arrested, the necklace and other booty were found at his Endell Street lodgings, and he was hopelessly in the toils. At the London Sessions he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, which he recently completed, being afterward deported. What Germany will do with him remains to be seen.

GIACOMO BONI [1]

BY WICKHAM STEED

With the death of Giacomo Boni, a great light has gone out. Though for the past nine years it had been flickering, the memory of its full radiance remained and will remain. In Boni, far more than in Pope or King, Church or State, burned the Spirit of Rome. During the first fifteen years of this century, at least, not to have known Boni was not to have known Rome. Monarchs and statesmen, men of learning and men of wealth, sought him out and held discourse with him as with one who had vindicated poetic insight by achievement. All yielded to his charm, to his merry laugh, and to the light in his clear blue eye that seemed to reflect the infinite azure of the Italian

[1] From the *Review of Reviews* (London Liberal bimonthly), *August–September*

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heavens. Yet to few did he reveal the secret sources of his inspiration.

Full justice to him can hardly be done. For a long period he suffered patiently, though acutely, under persistent injustice. Jealousies and envies of every sort surrounded him. Professional archæologists decried him, for he was greater than they. Bureaucrats harassed him, for his dreams could not be made to fit a pigeonhole. Many who admired him failed to stay the course with the flights of his untrammeled fancy. Only those who trusted him wholly, and loved him as a human being with the heart of a child, the vision of a seer, the insight of a poet, and the passion of a doer, could enter truly into his mind and work.

Boni, at his best, was an article of faith — nay, a whole creed — rather than a man of learning, a mighty excavator, or the embodiment of a theory. I doubt whether he has left written pages of outstanding value other than the reports in which he enumerated his discoveries; and even these are apt to be unintelligible to the profane, and, at times, puzzling also to the initiated. Though he wrote much and, on occasion, talked freely, he was ever inarticulate in the sense that his means of expression were inadequate to the expanse and to the depth of his thought. His own imperishable monument he created in the Roman Forum, as it now is, and on the Palatine where he dwelt in lofty seclusion, embowered amid roses and myrtles, among the palaces of the Cæsars and above the shrines of their Christian successors. The fame of him had spread throughout the earth — to India, Japan, and China no less than to the two Americas and into every European seat of study. Yet the man was greater than his fame, even as his mind was larger than his works.

He came not from Rome, but from Venice, where he was born auspiciously on the day of her patron, Saint Mark, April 25, in the year 1859. Thus his earliest childhood was spent under Austrian rule; and his boyhood was colored by the final triumph of the Risorgimento. Not until 1866 was Venice freed and her children gathered to the bosom of Italy. In 1870, when Boni was in his twelfth year, the whole country was united by the occupation of Rome.

The effect of those early days was in Boni throughout life. It fanned in him the patriotic fire with which his whole being glowed; and he, at any rate, will not have thought it unfitting that his span of highest endeavor should be closed by the effects of exposure when he went to adapt to Roman practice the clothing and footgear of the Italian soldiers who, in the winter of 1916, were holding the lines of Italy against Austria on icy Alpine heights of more than twelve thousand feet. Under that strain he almost succumbed, and partial recovery left him a living relic of his former self. Those who knew him thereafter never knew Boni. He had made the greater part of the great sacrifice.

Born a citizen of Venice, he became a son of Rome. The traditions of the 'Most Serene Republic,' which had been wrought into his fibre, helped him to withstand the dwarfing influence of the Eternal City upon those reared within her walls; but Rome bound him to herself with potent spell. I am inclined to think that it was Carducci, greatest of modern Italian poets, who first revealed Boni to himself and Rome to Boni. Often on a summer evening or a winter's night he would take from his bookshelf a volume of Carducci and read, with vibrating voice and gleaming eye, verses from the 'Anniversary of the Foundation of Rome' which I may roughly render thus: —

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Hail, goddess Rome! A frigid darkness clouds
The sense of him who of thee knoweth nought,
And in his brutish heart sprout sluggishly
Barbarous growth in rank and wild array.

Hail, goddess Rome! Sweet tears mine eyes let fall,
Bent o'er thy Forum's ruins as I seek
Thy scattered relics, and in thee adore
Motherland, muse, and sacred genetrix.

By thee a citizen of Italy am I,
And, by thee, poet. Mother of peoples thou,
Who gavest of thy spirit to the world
And with thy glory crownedst Italy.

By training, Boni was an architect. Yet from the first he was attracted less by the technique of his profession than by the ideas which buildings had been intended to express. He sought in historical study the origin of those ideas, while his critical sense assessed the degree in which buildings expressed them. It was, so to speak, the personality, the character, of an edifice that appealed to him far more than its outward beauty. He was always seeking for the meaning of things, not merely out of intellectual curiosity, but in order to test the adequacy of the forms in which meanings were conveyed. He strove ceaselessly after sincerity. In other words, he had in him the essential quality of a great artist.

To gratify his passion for the real, which he held to be attainable only through the ideal, he studied unremittingly. His appetite for knowledge was insatiable; for he felt that ignorant good faith may mislead as woefully as willful insincerity. Hence his instinctive love of the classics. He taught himself Latin and Greek, and afterward English, French, and German, chiefly by candlelight before dawn — learning Latin, in particular, so thoroughly that his mind came to be steeped in it and his forms of thought to be governed by it to such a point that he found difficulty in writing simple Italian. Perhaps for this reason he often reverted, when in search of simple and direct expression, to his native Venetian dialect, or 'language,' as he vivaciously insisted it should be called; and his most entertaining letters were those which he wrote to such friends as the late Marquis Carlotti who likewise spoke and wrote the tongue of the 'Serenissima.'

English he learned in order to read and translate Ruskin, whose friendship he won in 1882 when working on the restoration of the Doge's Palace in Venice. In William Morris, too, he found a kindred soul. Boni's dissent from the insincere methods of restoration and preservation adopted by the Italian authorities in the eighties led in 1888 to his departure from Venice to Rome. He had learned at his own expense that *nemo propheta in patria.* Some fifteen years passed before he returned in an official capacity to his native city. In July 1902 the ancient Campanile of St. Mark's collapsed, shaking to their foundations the adjacent buildings and opening fissures in their walls. Then Boni, the despised and rejected of a former day, was sent posthaste to strengthen and to save.

Meanwhile he had found that, even in Rome, the way of a prophet may be hard. The Minister of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts, at the instance of the Prime Minister, Crispi, whom Boni's frankness had attracted, sent him to report upon the condition of the Hohenstaufen castles and other Swabian monuments in Apulia. Boni did this work thoroughly. In order to do it, he plunged into the study of the Swabian epoch in Italy and read much German. He recommended that any work of preservation should be in harmony with the spirit of the original builders and should never take a form likely to cause confusion between the old and the new. He believed in careful preservation, not in deceptive 'restoration.'

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Of this mission Boni kept many memories. He saw the misery of sun-scorched Apulia, then waterless, for the Apulian aqueduct was not yet built; and he could never afterward look upon the dark, heavy Apulian wines without repulsion. 'Essence of anthracite!' he would exclaim. 'In Apulia, water is more precious than wine, and it would be cheaper to bathe in wine than to wash in water.' He was indignant, too, at the avoidable uncleanliness of some Apulians. In one town where he spent a night on his way to inspect a Hohenstaufen castle he was the guest of the Mayor, a man of substance whose house was richly furnished. To do Boni honor, the Mayor put at his disposal the apartment of his daughter, then absent — a sumptuous room, hung with green silk damask, containing a carved and canopied bed and, on a dressing-table, a shining array of silver-mounted crystal bottles. Highly honored and very weary, Boni lay down to rest — but was quickly awakened by the attentions of innumerable vermin which invaded his couch in serried phalanxes. Thoroughly roused and angry, Boni spent sleepless hours in collecting the vermin and in filling the crystal bottles with them. At dawn he departed, leaving his host, or his host's daughter, to appreciate a drastic reminder of the importance of bringing the reality of cleanliness into closer harmony with the appearance of luxury.

Returning to Rome, he found minor employment as an inspecting architect in the Department of Fine Arts, and tried a 'prentice hand on the building of a villa for the Foreign Minister, Baron Blanc. It was an unusual conception. On its merits opinions differed; but Boni cared little, for his heart was not in this kind of work. He had a secret ambition — to dig in the Roman Forum and to wrest from it the secret of its existence. Enough was known of him and his 'wild' theories to awaken strong opposition. The authorized and recognized archæologists, Italian, German, and other, who had written mighty tomes upon the Forum, explaining to their own satisfaction that the site had been completely excavated, guarded like forbidding angels with drawn swords every approach to the sacred precincts. They were defending the sanctity of orthodox archæology, and incidentally the sale of their books, against unhallowed intrusion.

Boni could make no headway until, in 1898, a Minister of Public Instruction whom he knew personally agreed that he should, as an architect, strengthen the Forum monuments and arrange in some sort of order the scattered blocks of stone that encumbered the Forum's surface. But he was strictly forbidden to dig. Had not an orthodox Roman archæologist written in 1897 that further digging would be sheer waste of time! Stooping to conquer, Boni set about his thankless task. Cautiously, by candlelight before dawn on damp winter mornings, he probed below the stone pavement of the Comitium, or place of public meeting, at the lower end of the Forum, and there made his first discovery — the *Niger Lapis*, or 'Black Stone,' reputed of old to mark the site of the tomb of Romulus. Keeping the discovery to himself, he covered the place with a layer of earth until he had reported confidentially to the minister that something had been found which would shed glory upon the administration. The minister rose to the bait, went to the Forum, where, with much ceremony, the earth was shoveled away and the Black Stone exposed to view. A photograph of the triumphant minister standing upon it was taken and published. In vain did the orthodox gnash their teeth. They found the vanity of a

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minister stronger than their hatred of a 'revolutionary' architect.

Thereafter Boni was irresistible. By dint of discoveries he triumphed over obstruction, and with the support of foreign friends overcame even the niggardliness of the Italian Administration. The fact that he had found the Black Stone, only eighteen inches below the surface of the Forum, confirmed his belief that, lower still, much more might be found. To the Black Stone he had been guided by an allusion in the work of an obscure Latin author. Having found it, he concluded that it would not have been placed as a memorial, to Romulus or another, on the bare earth, but that below it there might be other relics. Sinking a shaft by the side of it, he revealed the existence of thirteen different strata before reaching the original alluvial bottom of the Forum valley. In the uppermost of these strata, beneath the Black Stone, he came upon an ancient *stela*, or truncated cone, bearing the oldest Latin inscription then known.

The discovery of this stela with the inscription led to a brief but sharp contest with the German Archæological Institute, which seemed to imagine that it had a prescriptive right to investigate and to set the seal of its approval upon all developments of Roman archæological research before they could be accepted as authentic. Its head hastened to the Forum, intending to make a plaster cast of the stela before even a sketch of it could be sent officially to the Italian Government. But Boni firmly sent him about his business, informing him that like other foreign archæologists he would receive the Italian official reproduction as soon as it was ready. For some weeks Rome rung with the scandal of Boni's impertinence. Yet he stood his ground, and the Germans were fain to retreat.

Then he discovered in quick succession the shrine before the temple of Julius Cæsar, the cemented underground chambers that had served as granaries of the Roman Republic, and, in them, large numbers of *stili*, or bone pencils, with which the Romans wrote upon their waxed tablets. Many tablets were also found. They, like the stili, had evidently been left in the granaries after being used to record the measures of corn stored there.

By this time foreign residents and visitors to Rome had begun to gather round Boni and to take a lively interest in his work. Sir William Harcourt spent many a day with him appreciating and encouraging his efforts. Mr. Richard Norton, of the American School of Archæological Studies, Mr. Rushforth, the first Director of the British School, and Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, worked with him and helped to spread his fame. Sir (then Mr.) Lionel Phillips provided funds, at the suggestion of Mr. Baddeley, for the purchase of a group of hovels that stood above the site of the Basilica Æmilia, and enabled Boni to lay bare the remains of that great temple. Boni himself wrote articles for the *Nineteenth Century*, which a secretary of the British Embassy translated; and Boni characteristically applied the fees received for the articles to the purchase of specimens of classical Roman flora which he planted in the Forum area.

All the while he was pondering in the recesses of his mind the main problem — why the Forum should ever have been the Forum, why the Romans should have chosen the bottom of a marshy valley, liable to be flooded at every rise of the Tiber, as the centre of their civic life, and why the Sacred Way should have led down to it? About that time he wrote to a friend: —

> Living in the Forum, I felt grow up in me a sense of intimacy with its stones, which at first sight had seemed mute and indifferent.

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Then, impelled by a force I had not felt before, I set to work.

And later on he added:—

The thick darkness with which time shrouds the memories of the past becomes thicker and more impenetrable if one presumes to dispel it all at once by the artificial light of one's own knowledge. One sees phantasms and takes them for realities. If, on the contrary, one studies intensely, humbly approaching the unknown, seeking only the truth, not a confirmation of preconceptions, one comes to live little by little in the atmosphere of the unknown, one gets used to the twilight, sees glimmerings of things, begins to distinguish between them, touches them, and never tires of gathering practical data as a basis for judgment. Thus one's brain is nourished; it begins to work by itself, and offers, perhaps instinctively, the solution of a problem, or suggests where a solution can be found by decisive experiment.

This was Boni's method — the method of a poet in action and of a devout seeker. He would watch in the Forum the rising of the sun as though its first rays would reveal the truth to him. Sometimes there came to him an inspiration which he and his band of devoted workmen would follow feverishly. At such moments he actually saw the things that he was about to discover, covered though they might be by yards of earth or heaps of accumulated rubbish. His workmen never felt in him the official master, only a leader of comrades. When a discovery was made, their enthusiasm was even greater than his. If they fell ill, he attended them personally, providing them with medicine and comforts from his slender resources. They returned his affection; indeed, they worshiped him.

I have told elsewhere in outline how Boni solved the problem of the Forum. Had not the facts borne out his theory, it would have been dismissed as the most fantastic of his many seemingly fantastic notions. He was possessed by the idea that the earliest Latins were of Aryan stock who had reached Europe from Northern India through Persia and Asia Minor. This idea drove him to the conclusion that he must look for light upon the religious beliefs and practices of the founders of Rome in ancient Sanskrit writings and especially in the Vedas. He made no secret of his belief, which to many seemed to verge on lunacy. What could be madder than to link India with the Forum!

At that time I learned more of his inner thoughts than his other intimate friends. He had suffered a severe bereavement which threatened to unsettle his life. So stricken was he that he talked of giving up everything and entering a monastery. Therefore I took him to live with me for a while, so as to keep him from brooding over his loss. He let himself be looked after like a child, showing childlike gratitude for every small attention. It was then that he thought aloud, rambling on almost incoherently, now in Venetian, now in Italian, now in bursts of Latin, with occasional excursions into English. Gradually his main idea defined itself. In the Vedas alone could he hope to find the key to the Forum riddle.

So into the study of the Vedas he plunged, until one day he announced triumphantly that he had found what he sought. It was a passage ordaining that the dead must be buried in ground sloping down toward still waters. 'The still waters were there,' he exclaimed, 'in the marsh at the bottom of the valley. The sloping ground is there, the *clivus sacer*, down which the Sacred Way runs from the summit to the level of the Comitium. Now all I have to do is to find in the Forum the early Latin burial-ground, the prehistoric necropolis. It must be near the Sacred Way.'

Forsaking all else, he and his workmen sank shaft after shaft in the hope

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of finding the necropolis. The greater part of the Forum slope was covered with the ruins of mediæval and other buildings, so that the area which he could investigate was limited. A dozen experiments yielded no result. But Boni's confidence never wavered. Twice a week, even after he had ceased to live with me, he came to luncheon, always bringing or sending an armful of greenery or flowers from the Forum to grace the table. One day in the hot July of 1900 he turned up looking like a man inspired. 'I shall find it this afternoon,' he exclaimed. 'I walked over the place this morning and felt it burn my feet. I will telephone you as soon as I have found it.'

Toward five o'clock he telephoned that he had found it and called me to see it. In a hole some three yards deep, by the side of the Sacred Way and almost level with the façade of the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, was a prehistoric urn of black earthenware, or *bucchero*, containing other urns, one of which held human ashes. It contained, besides, various dishes which had held nourishment for the departed soul. Soon after, twenty-six tombs of various shapes and sizes were found on the same spot. They extended as far as the Basilica of Antoninus and Faustina, of which the foundations had cut right through the prehistoric necropolis. Apparently the Romans of the second century A.D. had forgotten its original sanctity and significance.

Of Boni's work on the Palatine and his discoveries there — vaster, in some respects, than those in the Forum below — I am not competent to write, for I was then no longer in Rome. But I remember his joy on unearthing and cleaning the beautiful fountain of Juturna, which had served mediæval Christians as a cesspool, and in opening the paved slope that led from the Forum up to the Palatine. Scarcely a month passed between the year 1898 and the first half of 1902 without some new revelation. In July 1902 the work was suspended for a time. The Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice had collapsed and Boni was appointed commander-in-chief of the salvage operations.

Venice then felt the full vigor of his hand and the power of his mind. No superficial investigation would satisfy him. The pavement of the Piazza San Marco was removed round the base of the Campanile, so that the condition of the ancient piles on which it had stood for eight hundred years might be ascertained. They proved to be sound and to need little strengthening. The Basilica of St. Mark was likewise tested, from its foundations to the inner woodwork of the chief cupola, and the structure reënforced at every doubtful point. In the Doge's Palace, where Boni reigned supreme, fissures were carefully probed; and in order to discover their extent, Tintoretto's great canvas, *Il Paradiso*, the largest oil-painting in the world, was removed from the wall of the Great Council Hall on which it had been stretched undisturbed for more than three hundred years. Many Venetians thought the removal a sacrilege, but Boni was inflexible. Yet neither he nor they imagined that behind Tintoretto's canvas would be found the remains of a greater painting by an early Venetian, Guariente, a pre-Renaissance painter whose fresco work marked a transition from Byzantine art to a freer style which foreshadowed the Renaissance. This remarkable relic was again hidden from view when the wall had been strengthened and Tintoretto's canvas replaced.

Having done his work in his native city, Boni returned to his beloved Forum and resumed with fresh ardor the exploration of its strata and those

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of the Palatine. Until then his official position had been undefined. He was still technically an inspecting architect attached to the Department of Fine Arts, under the Ministry of Public Instruction with a salary of less than two hundred pounds a year. At last he was appointed Director of Excavations in the Forum and on the Palatine; yet so fierce were departmental jealousies that the salary attached to this post was for years withheld from him. Intrigue after intrigue was directed against him. He defeated them all by dint of success and through the influence of some devoted friends with the Italian Government. Every penny he could save from his exiguous resources he spent on classical plants to beautify the sites he had excavated, or in helping workmen still worse off than he. Indeed, his whole life was one long record of personal sacrifice to an ideal which many distantly admired but of which he alone bore the burden and understood the full grandeur.

If recognition of his greatness tarried in Italy, it came more swiftly and more amply abroad. Foreign universities gave him honorary degrees. He was invited to lecture in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, as well as in Vienna and in Germany. With Sir Horace Plunkett he visited Ireland to study primitive customs and folklore. Of one incident in this visit he always spoke with comical regret. Friends in Dublin had given him a magnificent meerschaum pipe which he prized. But, when entering a primitive burial-ground in Connemara, he was informed of the local custom that visitors should leave a pipe filled with tobacco on a tomb in homage to the departed. Boni had no pipe save his cherished meerschaum. Without hesitation he filled it with tobacco and placed it on a tomb. He often wondered what particular spirit enjoyed that smoke.

Another characteristic incident marked his visit to Austria. He came on the invitation of Professor Bormann, the leading archæologist of Vienna University, but, in remembrance of Roman days, he insisted on staying with me. We went with Bormann to inspect the excavations at Carnuntum, a Roman military settlement on high ground above the Danube east of Vienna. The worthy Director of the Excavations, a superannuated army officer, met us with the announcement that a great discovery had been made. So thorough had been the work of the Romans, he said, that they had lined with iron plates the sides of the central drain of Carnuntum.

Never before had such a thing been found. An ironclad sewer! Bormann was much excited, but Boni said never a word. In silence we trudged across the fields to the great drain, built of massive blocks of well-chiseled stone the face of which seemed indeed to be covered by rusty iron plates. Boni, still silent, clambered down into the drain, touched the surface of the 'plates' and then let fly an irreverent kick at them with the toe of his heavy boot. They flew into a dozen fragments which proved to be composed of a thin, chalky deposit colored by traces of ochre in the local water. Bormann and the Director of Excavations hung their diminished heads, and we trudged back in silence.

Stories of Boni would fill a volume; and a full record of his work would form a library — a library not only archæological, but botanical, agronomical, anthropological, physical, and astronomical. Nor would hydraulics and engineering be unrepresented. Art, especially fresco-painting and sculpture, would find a place in it, as would philosophy; while of poetry there would be a great store. His interests were universal. No sincere student ever ap-

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proached him in vain. Jesuit savants like Father Grisar and Father Erhle, or Father Ehrle, successor at the head of the Vatican library, Monsignor Ratti (now Pope Pius XI), respected and loved him as truly as did Japanese men of science, Hindu pundits, Scandinavians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans. With Dr. Bartolomeo Nogara, formerly Director of the Etruscan Museum at the Vatican and now Director of the Vatican Galleries, he worked in affectionate intimacy, for the two men had much in common. Pope Leo XIII admired him and sought his advice upon the preservation of the Michelangelo frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. Pope Pius X, formerly Patriarch of Venice, talked with him in his beloved Venetian, King Humbert of Italy appointed him Knight Commander of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus after a first visit to the Forum excavations; and King Victor Emmanuel gave him constant support.

Anatole France wrote imperishable pages upon his intercourse with Boni in *Sur la Pierre Blanche*. Yet, to my mind, he failed to penetrate Boni's secret, for Anatole France was essentially a skeptic and Boni was essentially a believer. Had he been asked to define what he believed, he might have written a *Confessio Fidei* that would have horrified Pope, Inquisition, skeptic, and pagan alike. His creed was not susceptible of expression in encompassing phrases. His spirit ranged freely over the centuries and adjusted itself as readily to pagan as to Christian standpoints and felt as much at home in Esquimaux folklore as in the philosophy of Laotse. His whole effort was to understand; and, having understood, to link his mental discovery with his own life and work. If one thing rather than another struck me in the detached ejaculations that usually marked the processes of his thought, it was his sense of oneness with the universe.

Some months ago, soon after the death of Anatole France, Boni sent me a rough transcript of one of his conversations with Anatole France upon Michelangelo, doubtless hoping that I might put it into shape as I had often done with his earlier and more coherent writings. But literal translation was impossible, and there was then no time to prepare a version of it for his approval. One or two fragments of it may, however, now serve to illustrate the quality of Boni's thought and the character of his intercourse with the great French writer: —

In the spring of 1903, when Anatole France came to Rome in search of rest, we compared, day after day, the monuments of the Forum which reveal the characters of the generations that erected them, and we discussed architecture as a majestic plant whose roots reach deep into the earliest strata of human society. From our comparative analysis of the buildings erected by Tiberius and Nero, of the magnificent inscriptions on those of Augustus and on the remaining cornices of the Arch of Tiberius, we concluded that the livers or the stomachs of the Roman historians and the biographers of the first century, from Tacitus to Suetonius, must have been out of order, or that they lent too ready an ear to evil tongues which could not then find an outlet in satirical journals.

During the hours of evening twilight, while we watched the rising of the moon amid the laurels of the Forum, Anatole France would recite the Odes of Horace. He had learned them all by heart — so strong was his admiration of their perfect measure and crystalline transparency, their skepticism and their delicate humor, indulgent toward all human weaknesses.

'Not all the learning of patented philologists,' he exclaimed, 'would suffice to replace the words of one real poem, for they are charged with inimitable spiritual electricity, and throw off rays more luminous

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than those of diamonds. A like sensation is given by original and authentic works of architecture, unrestored and unfalsified. It comes from the depth of the social strata in which the roots of architecture, the sovereign art, find sustenance. From these roots the flowers of Leonardo's and Michelangelo's achievement grew. I came to Rome,' continued Anatole France, 'in order to live for a time in the intimacy of Michelangelo and to compare the grandiose character of his work with that of some of Shakespeare's dramas. Hitherto, I have found difficulty in withstanding the overwhelming effect of his colossal conceptions and of the almost superhuman and infinite element in them. The immeasurable quality of Michelangelo disturbs me, doubtless because my perception is deficient; but I might be cured, and get used to the grandiose in him, if it were possible to approach his works more closely. I know that the Pope (Leo XIII) has caused scaffolding to be put up in the Sistine Chapel, so that you may examine Michelangelo's frescoes at close quarters and suggest a method of preserving the parts of them that are deteriorating. But, as I recently published in Paris the speeches of our anti-Clerical Prime Minister, Combes, the moment is hardly propitious to ask favors of the Vatican.'

'Never mind,' I answered. 'Leo XIII, who is an exquisite poet and Latinist, understands even the most skeptical representatives of Latin thought. He will pardon me if I take you to-morrow to the Sistine Chapel together with another skeptic, Bernard Shaw, who does not even respect the English Parliamentary institutions which you think worthy of reverence, and who blames Shakespeare for the decadence of modern dramatic art, just as others make Michelangelo responsible for the contortions of the Baroque style.'

Next morning we mounted the tall ladders of the Sistine scaffolding, while Shaw turned off the tap of his incontinent humor and closed his eyes to avoid giddiness. On the topmost planking we sat before Michelangelo's figures and were dumfounded by the contrast between the gigantic proportions of a naked arm and the delicate shadings of the muscles and of the hands, which were drawn with a precision that might have cost years of patient effort, whereas Michelangelo worked with the rapidity that fresco-painting demands. Silent under the influence of art so stupendous, we waited for Anatole France to speak. Presently he spoke, with his incomparable mastery of the French language, that adamantine medium for the expression, in the purest form, of what the mind's mirror reflects. Would that I could reproduce his tone, at least, for his words defy reproduction.

'What we feel now,' he said, 'is the latest of a long series of other sensations felt by Michelangelo himself and by his admirers during the four centuries that have passed since he did this work. These feelings remind us that true art is of divine inspiration, borne to earth by rays of light from the Infinite to illumine generations still unborn. Each generation appraises it from a new standpoint. Hence the successive visions or interpretations of immortal works of genius give gladness and renewed enlightenment, as generation after generation acquires, in turn, receptive capacity.'

At this point Boni's manuscript enters into a long psychological analysis of the reasons why 'restoration' of works of art is worse than vandalism, because it creates counterfeits and 'intercepts the rays of light with which the artist had succeeded in illumining the darkness of our minds.' In it he reproduces a motto which he wrote many years ago for the London Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: 'Genuineness is not merely the fundamental attribute of monuments; it is the very source of any value they may have.'

The yearning for genuineness, and for knowledge as the condition of effective and fertile sincerity, was the ruling passion of Boni's life. It made him not only impatient but intolerant of pretense and make-believe of all kinds; and, as long as his faculties were unimpaired, it rarely led him astray. Yet the last nine years of suffering, and of struggle both against physical dis-

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abilities and against pecuniary straits, were in some respects his most heroic period. Not till very near the end can he have felt sure of the morrow. The attentions of faithful friends eased his ordeal, and there were moments in which something like gladness returned and his old genius shone forth with unabated brilliance. In 1916 he felt, for the first time, the burden of debt, but I think he never knew whence came some of the help that enabled him to bear it; for Lord Northcliffe, who knew and loved him, took delicate precautions to spare Boni's susceptibilities when, more than once, he caused funds to be conveyed to him.

Often Boni would long that death might set him free from the limitations of a stricken body. Death he did not fear. In early manhood he was once seriously ill, and he told me repeatedly of his sensations as he lay apparently unconscious and beyond hope of recovery. 'I felt myself,' he would say, 'escape from the body and rise above it, tethered to it only by some invisible tie. I was conscious of ecstatic freedom. But at length, to my sorrow, I was drawn back. My relations and friends were joyful at my recovery, yet I was sad. I suppose there was still work for me to do. The next time I escape it will be for good.'

Now he has escaped for good. Those who knew him and loved him cannot mourn. He has ceased to strive and to suffer; and his memory — fragrant as the flowers of his Palatine — and his work abide.

SONG

BY ANN HAMILTON

[Poetry of To-day]

Trust not autumn's vow
That is sealed in gold
And flung upon the bough
Fluttering and bold.

Heed not autumn's words
When four winds are flying
And the drifted birds
Go bravely crying.

She may laugh, and swear
So to hide the years,
Yet frozen on her hair
Lie her lonely tears.

Though she dance to keep
The ice from out her will,
She had rather sleep
White on the hill.

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LIM SIN, THE WILY CHINEE[1]

A TRUE STORY

By CAPTAIN H. LUCY

MANY years ago I left a big shipping-company in the East to join the Imperial Chinese Preventive Service. My duties were principally to prevent the importation of contraband opium and to seize any junks suspected of being engaged in this highly profitable business. At that time a very big trade in contraband was being carried on by daring and resourceful smugglers.

I was given command of the cruiser Kwangse, of about six hundred tons, carrying a crew of thirty-five all told, and four small guns, two mounted for'ard, one on the port, and one on the starboard. These were meant to fire upon and sink junks suspected of being smugglers, unless they hove to when signaled to do so.

My naval chief was the Chinese Admiral Tong, and I was responsible also to Mr. Robert Hart, afterward Sir Robert Hart, Chief Commissioner of Chinese Customs.

The Kwangse steamed fourteen knots, but in a heavy sea we had to slow down to eight or be swamped. Many seagoing junks could sail thirteen and fourteen knots, and, with the wind in their favor, generally showed us a clean pair of heels.

My orders were to cruise from the Canton River to Swatow and then make my report to the senior naval officer; thence the next day, or night, to Amoy, Foochow, Wenchow, and Ningpo. At each of these places I had orders to make a written report as to whether I had sighted any junks, or seized any opium, which was the most important contraband we were after.

It was estimated that the loss to the Chinese Customs was more than a million pounds in a year through opium being smuggled into China. The smuggling of opium was carried on by two kinds of junks — the big seagoing vessels drawing six or seven feet of water, when loaded; and the river junks which drew not more than three.

All round the coast of China are numerous creeks and rivers, which enabled the shallow river-junks to escape from the cruisers with ease. The seagoing junks generally transshipped their cargo of opium to river junks during dark nights, or unloaded in little sheltered coves and bays hidden by rocks.

A notorious smuggler named Lim Sin was wanted, very badly, by the Customs Department. A great number of preventive officers had chased his junk, but she always disappeared between Swatow and Amoy.

On two occasions cruisers had been within a mile of the junk, but she disappeared between the rocks and, although they had lowered boats and searched for days, not a trace of her could be found. Five thousand pounds reward was offered to the crew of any

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *September*

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cruiser who captured Lim Sin, and out of this sum the captain was to receive one thousand and his two officers five hundred each.

I had received special instructions to patrol between Swatow and Amoy and be on the alert day and night for Lim Sin, who was known to have aboard his junk five tons of Bengal opium. The value of this landed in China would be about one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, Bengal opium in China being then a guinea an ounce. The bonus to me of five per cent of the value, about nine thousand pounds, would enable me to go home and marry and bid good-bye to the sea for ever.

We kept a good lookout, for the crew also knew that a big bonus would be theirs if we captured Lim Sin, and all were very excited at the prospect of a fight. Lim Sin was, however, a fighter and would not be captured easily. It was suspected that mandarins and tokays helped him, and no doubt, in the course of a year, Lim Sin paid many thousands of pounds in bribes. The mandarins and others who received these bribes were quite sure that Lim Sin, if captured, would never give them away, for one trait in the Chinese character is never to round on your pals — and a Chinaman will suffer death rather than give his confederates away.

Lim Sin's junk had been seen off Macow, and it was near there he received the opium from a tramp steamer of unknown nationality.

We had been three weeks on the lookout, and I had almost given it up as a bad job and thought he must have got in and landed the opium during a very dark night. One morning, however, at daybreak, there was his junk about five miles off making for the place, about six miles farther, where she was known to have disappeared so often before. I gave orders to the engineer to drive the Kwangse along as quickly as she could go. I knew we could not overtake her, but I was in hopes we might get near enough to find her hiding-place. The wind was a bit against the junk, and we got to within three quarters of a mile of her and fired two shots, but both went wide, and she disappeared between two rocks as she had done on several occasions. We did n't dare to venture between the rocks with the cruiser, but, having found anchorage, we lowered three boats. I was in one with six men, my second in another, and the bo's'n in the third.

We were all well armed and ready for the brush with Lim Sin if we could find him, but when we got through the channel between the rocks there was no sign of the junk.

I had a consultation with my second officer and the bo's'n, and it was decided that one boat should go back to the cruiser and bring provisions for the day and night and instruct the chief officer to signal any steamer that passed to make a report, either in Amoy or Swatow, that we had run Lim Sin to earth but had not located his hiding-place.

We searched between rocks and up creeks most of the day with no success. The disappearance of the junk was so mysterious that I was beginning to think Lim Sin was the Devil himself, when I saw the second officer, whose boat was about a quarter of a mile away, making signals to me. I gave orders to row to his boat, and as we got near I noticed he was very intently looking through binoculars at a big rock about half a mile distant. As the boats touched he leaned toward me and, as he handed me his binoculars, said, 'We have him now, sir; look at that big rock and see what you make of it.'

After looking at the face of the rock for about a minute I saw something move. Then I knew we had found Lim Sin's hiding-place. The front of the

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rock was covered with canvas, painted the same color as the rock, and no doubt behind that canvas was a big cave into which the junk had sailed at high tide. By a mistake, in their hurry, one corner of the lower part of the canvas had not been made fast, and the wind had moved it while the second officer was looking at the rock through his binoculars.

We were twenty-one all told, but experience taught me it would be madness to attack Lim Sin, who had probably a hundred men, well armed, and in a strong position.

I sent the bo's'n with three men back to the cruiser with instructions to the chief officer to signal any passing steamer to ask the Naval Officer at Swatow or Amoy to send me assistance at once, and to say that we had found Lim Sin's hiding-place, but were too weak to attack.

The canvas did n't move again, so they must have made it fast, and no doubt understood by our boats waiting near that we had found them. They would probably attack us, being such a small party; so we got the boats between a couple of rocks and kept a good lookout all night. But they did n't attack; they were too busy getting the opium away, as we found out later.

At noon the next day we were reënforced by two Revenue cruisers, with Chinese in command. So with nine boats, mounting two small guns from the cruiser, with sixty-three of us, we decided to attack. At five hundred yards we opened fire with the two guns, and the canvas was soon in ribbons.

There was the junk right enough, and her deck crowded with men. They fired volley after volley at us, but the first two or three hurt no one.

We rowed steadily on, firing with our rifles and the two guns, and we could see that the shots from the guns hit the junk almost every time. The tide was out, and we grounded about a hundred yards from the cave.

By this time we had a few killed and wounded—among the latter my second officer, who was hit in the shoulder; but he still carried on.

We decided to charge them, and when the smugglers saw us leave the boats and form up to charge they swarmed down the sides of the junk and disappeared. When we got inside the cave and our eyes became accustomed to the darkness not a man could be seen. All round the sides of the cave a road had been cut, something like a railway cutting round a mountain, and at the far end of the cave, which was about four hundred feet long and quite fifty feet high, the light showed another entrance.

We searched the junk and found nine dead bodies and seven men wounded, but not a sign of opium, except a very strong smell of it.

At the far end of the cave steps had been cut to the top of the rock, and the entrance had been covered with canvas similar to the main entrance. From the top of the rock there was a fine view of the country, and with binoculars some of the smugglers could be seen about two miles away.

We burned the junk, but Lim Sin had escaped, and the opium had disappeared. A watch was kept on the cave for months, but none of the smugglers were seen there again.

The Chinese Government gave us a fairly large reward. My share was five hundred pounds, and my second officer justly received the same, as it was he who discovered the cave.

Six months afterward Lim Sin again got to work, and was known to have landed two lots of opium within three months. I was again put on his track with a description of his new junk given me, and in case of Lim Sin being captured, dead or alive, the rewards were

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to be doubled all round. We cruised up and down the coast for months, and still Lim Sin landed opium with impunity. The weather had been dirty for a week, but one afternoon the sun came out and the air was quite clear.

We had almost given up the idea of seeing his junk, when our lookout reported two junks in a little bay about four miles away on our port bow. I hurried up to the foretop, and with binoculars made out one to be Lim Sin's. As soon as they saw us, one made sail and went away at about twelve knots an hour. The other remained at anchor. We went after the one that cleared, which we took to be Lim Sin's, and overhauled her in about four hours. When we boarded her there was no sign of opium, not even the smell of it, and her hold was full of cargo, principally Manchester piece-goods, loaded at Hongkong. When I asked the captain why he made sail on sighting us, he simply said, 'Me no run away, weather now velly fine, I want makee Amoy soon.'

In answer to my inquiry about the other junk, his bland reply was, 'Me no savvy her. I think she opium ship.'

We lost no time getting to the cruiser, and we steamed back as quickly as possible to where the junks were anchored — but of the second there was no sign. I had been done. The one that cleared was a decoy, and the one that remained at anchor was Lim Sin's, and he landed a hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of opium.

When I made my report to Admiral Tong he almost burst his sides laughing. 'When you see a Chinaman,' said he, 'never trust to appearances. As for Lim Sin, the Government is thinking of pensioning him off so as to stop the smuggling, for two thirds of all contraband opium landed in China is the work of Lim Sin.'

I was the laughingstock of the Chinese Navy, and was known afterward as 'the captain who ran after Lim Sin's shadow.' As I had come to the conclusion Lim Sin would never be caught, I had an interview with Admiral Tong, and told him that I was about tired of it and had decided to give up the job. 'Don't do that,' said the Admiral, 'I have recommended you to have your salary increased the end of this year by one hundred, and on the first of next year you will patrol the West River. Two years on the coast is quite long enough for anyone. As for that joke about Lim Sin's shadow, they call me *Te cheet neet* (in English, lopsided), and I laugh at it.' Admiral Tong was a bit lopsided, but he was a first-class naval officer and a good man all round. He was liked by all, and many a glass of the real stuff have I had in his cabin.

Now a hundred pounds was not to be laughed at, so I thanked the Admiral and decided to carry on. Two months after this Lim Sin's junk was sunk by Captain Brown of the Revenue cruiser Foochoo, and it was reported that Lim Sin and all hands were drowned. Captain Brown did n't receive the reward, however, as he failed to produce Lim Sin's body.

When I had been on the West River three months it was reported that opium to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds had been landed somewhere up the river. The work was suspiciously similar to Lim Sin's, as he was known to deal only in large quantities. The Customs Department had thousands of spies round the coast of China, but these men never gave evidence in court. Had they done so, their lives would not have been worth ten minutes' purchase. They gave the Customs Department very valuable information, and very seldom was it not known when a smuggling junk had received a cargo of opium. But where it was intended to land it they never knew — with the exception of Lim Sin not one smuggler

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was known to land his opium anywhere the second time. And since Lim Sin's cave had been found he had never done so either.

It was rumored that Lim Sin was not dead. Some people said that they had seen his spirit on the West River. However, opium on a big scale was being landed up the river, and I was given the description of a junk which was believed to have received ten tons transshipped from a steamer somewhere off the coast of Formosa, transshipped again to a river junk.

We cruised about the mouth of the river for three weeks, and at times patrolled inland about twenty miles. One night there was a very thick fog, which smugglers liked, and we anchored in a small bay out of the way of small river-craft, which came down in hundreds, fog or no fog. The next morning the fog had gone, and the captain of a West River steamer slowed down as he passed and asked me what I was waiting for. When I told him, he said, 'Well, I think I can put you on her track. We passed a junk similar to the one you are after away up the river about three miles this side of Te Che Ze (Haunted Creek). So you had better get a move on.'

I thanked him, and did get a move on. The haunted creek was about thirty miles distant, and with the strong current against us it would take us four hours to get there. We reckoned that the junk would then be not more than twenty miles ahead and we should overtake her about two o'clock. The haunted creek runs inland for about six miles, and takes such a bend that for about four miles it runs almost parallel with the river. When we got to this part our lookout man reported that he could see the topmasts of a junk through the trees anchored up the Te Che Ze. I felt sure he was mistaken, as no boats of any kind were ever known to go up this creek, day or night. Boats and junks passing the mouth of the creek by night gave it a wide berth, lighted joss sticks and beat drums to drive the Devil away. However, to make sure, my second officer and I went up to the foretop and, with the help of binoculars, made out a junk anchored about five miles up the creek, where the banks are about fifty yards apart, in about five fathoms of water, according to the Survey Department; but I believe it was guesswork about the depth of water, as no chart of the creek could be found.

What a junk was doing up the haunted creek was more than we could understand, when it was dreaded so much. Apparently this junk's crew did n't believe in devils.

A mile farther on we got a clear view of her, and she was the very one we were after. The bo's'n, a very intelligent Chinese, said there was no place near the creek for many miles where opium could be disposed of, and ten tons of opium was not easily hidden. However, we decided to steam slowly up the creek, board her and make a search. So with the lead line going the whole time we found plenty of water, and dropped anchor about a hundred yards from the junk. We lowered two boats with ten men in each, my chief officer in one and I in the other, rowed to the junk and hailed her. 'Goodee morning, sir,' said a Chinaman, looking over the side, 'you wantee come aboard?'

'Yes, John,' I said, 'put over two ladders, one on the port and one on the starboard,' for we needed two ladders to enable us to board her both sides in case of treachery.

When we got aboard all was very quiet. I asked for the captain and was told he was at chowchow, but 'bime bime' coming. Ten minutes afterward a fine-looking Chinaman came on deck.

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He was a handsome man, quite six feet, and very broad-shouldered.

In pidgin English (which appeared feigned) he said, 'Goodee morning, captain, you comee buy cloth?'

'No, John,' I said, 'I no come buy cloth, I come search opium.'

'Opium!' said the captain. 'This no opium junk; that work velly bad. I makee cloth trade, I go Kee Chang.'

'Well, John, I must search, so take off the hatches and we'll get to work.'

When the hatches were taken off the smell of opium was so strong that we felt quite dizzy, and we made sure opium was below. When we got there we found no opium, only four hundred bales of Manchester cloth consigned from Hongkong to a shopkeeper at Kee Chang, but plenty of cargo-space where the opium had been.

'Well, John,' I said, 'what have you done with the opium?'

'Opium?' returned John. 'Me no do this bad work.'

'Well, then, what about the smell?'

'Ah!' said John. 'Before this captain he velly wicked man; he do opium work.'

'And how long you command, John?'

'I command, sir, five years.'

'Well, then, John, this opium smell last long time!'

'Yes, sir, velly long time, sometimes twenty years.'

He had very cleverly done us in the eye, but how was a mystery. I asked him why he came up this creek when the Devil was here.

'Oh,' he said, 'that all right. To-mollow very big day that village over there,' pointing to a village three miles away, 'and all my crew that their home. To-mollow they make singsong; next day we go Kee Chang.'

I knew that all he said was lies, but I admired him for the way in which he had managed to get the weather side of us. The second day he lifted his anchor, and it was known that he landed his cargo of cloth three weeks afterward at Kee Chang.

I received instructions to have the creek watched both sides, and to visit the watchers once a week and take their report. At the end of three months the watch was withdrawn and the opium was given up as lost, but it was not known to have been landed anywhere, and the spies reported that it was hidden on the Island of Formosa. Six months afterward, as the cruiser was passing the mouth of the haunted creek, a big sampan, with three Chinese in it, was seen to be making signals to us. We slowed down and put a ladder over the side and two of the Chinese came aboard. One of them, whom, by his dress, I took to be a tokay, said he would like to see me in private. When I had taken him into the chartroom he asked me if I would like to make a seizure of three boxes of opium. 'Yes, I should,' I replied; 'but of course you want your price?'

'Yes. I want one hundred pounds for the information.'

The value of three boxes of opium would be two thousand four hundred pounds. Two thirds of the value of opium siezed to the amount of three thousand pounds was divided among the crew of the cruiser who made the seizure. Above three thousand and up to forty thousand the crew got ten per cent. The captain got one fourth. In this case my share would be four hundred pounds, and two hundred to each of my officers. I told the tokay that I had n't nearly so much money with me. He said that did n't matter, and he was quite agreeable to wait till it was convenient for me to pay him. When I asked him where the opium was he surprised me by saying it was up the Haunted Creek.

It was decided we should steam up the creek, and drop the anchor about

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where we had anchored when we were there before. The tokay said he would be on the bank waiting for us, but he would not venture up the creek for a thousand pounds. We steamed up the creek, and after dropping anchor the chief officer and I were rowed ashore to where the tokay was waiting.

'Now, Captain,' said the tokay, 'if you will drag the bottom between these two trees, you will fish up the opium in three watertight boxes, and I will explain to you how the commander of that junk fooled you.'

The four hundred cases of opium which he had had aboard were soldered up in watertight tin boxes before the junk entered the river. To each box was attached a line, and to the other end a float. All the lines were again made fast to a thicker line, which was a little longer than the breadth of the creek. One end of this line was made fast to the roots of a tree about two feet underneath the water. The other end was made fast the other side of the creek in a similar way but a foot deeper in the water. When the rope was pulled tight the floats were pulled underneath the water three feet; when the rope was slack the floats came to the surface. The junk was between the cruiser and the floats. All this was prepared by the captain of the junk a long time before he sailed up the river, and he had also been up the creek some weeks before and made his plans.

Three days after we withdrew our watchmen, a peaceful-looking trader junk (the same junk) had sailed up the creek, and during the night fished up all the boxes of opium with the exception of three. The lines of those three had not been made fast securely, and they parted from the boxes. It was near morning when they had fished up three hundred and ninety-seven boxes, so the captain decided not to trouble about the other three. The whole was landed at Hang Fo, fifty miles up the river, while the junk we had been kind enough to take in tow for a few miles and the one that lifted the opium were the same, the captain being no other than our old friend Lim Sin.

'How could that be, tokay?' I asked, 'as he went down with his junk a year ago.'

'No, sir, he and all his crew got away in boats during the bad light, and at the present time Lim Sin is in Hongkong, and as long as he remains there our Government has agreed to pay him one thousand pounds a year.'

This news explained why no big lots of opium had been landed in China during the last few months.

We fished up the three boxes, and when I received my reward I sent the tokay one hundred pounds. Soon afterward I sent in my resignation, as the prize I had hunted for three years was gone.

Lim Sin made seventy-five thousand pounds out of his last cargo. Had he not decided to retire he would have been obliged to pay away in bribes, out of this amount, quite sixty thousand. My friend, the tokay, was to have received five thousand, and the mandarin of the province forty thousand.

Six months afterward I was in Hongkong, waiting to book a passage to Australia, where I was to take over command of a fore-and-aft schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific. The Hongkong races were on, and I had been given a tip for the Governor's Cup. While I was looking at a bookmaker's board to see where I could get the longest odds, a very tall Chinaman came near and asked me if I would like a few good tips. 'I should very much,' I replied, 'as money is a bit scarce.'

'Well,' said the Chinaman, 'I want to do you a good turn, as I have done you a few bad ones, so put all your money on Fiery Cross for the Cup. The

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loss shall be mine if he fails to come in.'

He spoke English quite fluently, and although I seemed to have seen him before, I could n't place him.

I did put all my money on Fiery Cross, and won five thousand dollars.

I met the Chinaman again after the race, and when I told him I thought he should share my winnings, he laughed, and said he had won fifty thousand on the race. 'But,' said I, 'who are you that take so much interest in me?'

'Someone you tried to catch lots of times,' he laughed. 'Lim Sin!' I then recognized him, and after we had shaken hands and had a drink he gave me his address and an invitation to dinner the next evening. He had a most beautiful house facing the sea and very richly, but not vulgarly, furnished. There were six more Europeans at the dinner. One of them was the Government Advocate.

Of all the many dinners I have eaten, not another has equaled Lim Sin's. We had bird's-nest soup, costing ten guineas each, nest-pickled sharkfins, and eggs twenty years old, soup made of bêche-de-mer caught thirty years before, a variety of most delicious curries, a boar's head and a sucking pig, roasted as only Chinese know how to roast. In fact, there were quite fifty dishes to choose from. For drinks we had Imperial Tokay, a hundred years old, costing twenty guineas a bottle.

Lim Sin was then thirty-five years of age. He had married fifteen years before a Straits-born Chinese woman. She was a very nice-looking and well-educated lady. They had three sons and two daughters, who were being well educated, and Lim Sin intended to send them to England when old enough.

After dinner, when we had all gathered on the front verandah, smoking expensive Havana cigars and sipping Tokay, Lim Sin amused us for hours telling us of his wonderful escapes from the Revenue cruisers. He calculated that during twelve years he had made from opium-smuggling quite a million pounds, but out of this enormous sum he had paid in bribes seven hundred thousand, three hundred thousand of which found its way into the coffers of the Empress Dowager through her chief eunuch, called The Man of the Last, who was the real ruler of China. In his young days, and before the Empress cast her eyes on him, the chief eunuch had worked as a shoemaker — hence his name.

The Man of the Last! He was then a great man in China, and it was at his suggestion that the Chinese Government decided to grant Lim Sin a pension, on the understanding that he should live in Hongkong and have nothing more to do with opium. I believe they paid the pension nearly thirty years.

When I asked him how he managed to escape at the time his junk was sunk by Captain Brown, he said it was a very simple matter. He had landed his cargo of opium, and knowing the cruiser would overtake them, they altered her course to almost right angles, lashed the tiller, and lowered boats on the off-side to the cruiser, and all got away, aided by the dull light. The junk, at the time, was only about two miles from the coast.

Lim Sin had arranged for a pension for all his men or their widows. He himself had invested a quarter of a million in British Consols. His two officers were living with him, and drew money from his bank at any time they wished.

We broke up at two o'clock in the morning, and I shall never forget Lim Sin's dinner and interesting stories. He was very charitable and kind to the poor of Hongkong. Chinese maidens in their love songs of heroes often sing of Lim Sin.

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HOW I TURNED SCRIBBLER[1]

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

It happened one dark autumn evening in the year 1886, a few weeks before Christmas. I was sitting by the lighted lamp in my room busily occupied with the Swedish exercises — written ones — of my schoolgirls, when I heard the mail-man come up the steps and drop the letters into the boxes. As I was alone in the house, I hurried out into the vestibule to get them. One of the letters was for me — a big envelope postmarked Stockholm. I tore it open and sat down to read. When I had finished a couple of lines my hands began to shake and the letters to dance in front of my eyes. I looked up from the letters and my glance fell on the blue exercise-books that lay scattered on the table. These I gathered into a heap and threw as far away as possible. Then I sat down once more to reread my letter.

For a year and a half I had been a teacher in the girls' school at Landskrona, and to tell the truth things were going none too well with me. I was interested in my work; my relations with the principal and my colleagues were of the best; I liked the little city on the beautiful sound; and the family in whose pension I lived treated me as one of their own children. What kept me from being entirely happy was an anxious inner longing that left me no rest — something in me that drove me on and threatened me and kept me from clinging tightly to the safe little rôle in life to which I had attained.

Since I was seven years old I had dreamed of being a literary woman. Since I was fifteen I had been writing verses and hoping that I might become a great writer. But all this had led to nothing. That evening in Landskrona, shortly after I had entered my twenty-ninth year, I was as far from the goal as ever. It almost seemed that I was farther from it than in previous years. Hitherto, while I was living at home in the country as teacher to my younger brothers and sisters, and later when I was a student, it had been easy and pleasant to set down my thoughts in rime. I liked best of all to write sonnets, and I could finish these little poems in a very short time. I did not really venture to suppose that my sonnets were finished productions, but at least they had flowed off my pen without effort, almost as if I had nothing to do with them. Creating them had given new life to my weary senses and had become my favorite dissipation. At that time I had made no very severe demands upon myself, but regarded the whole realm of authorship rather as a jolly game. On the other hand, I felt with certainty that, once I had left the seminary behind and could dispose of my own time, the right moment for a rich and genuine literary activity must come. But, alas, this had not been the case. My writing became far more difficult. Now I needed several days, a whole week, to finish a sonnet.

Several years before I had got the idea of writing about the gentry of old Värmland; but I wanted to write the book in verse, and the task was at a

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hopeless standstill. This delay and this clumsiness led me to doubt my own capacities. The longing to be a writer was still intense, but I was not blind to the fact that it might be leading me astray. What especially interested me in those far-off days in Landskrona were the numerous social questions that agitated the period. Everything that concerned education, peace, temperance, the woman question, and the care of the poor, riveted my attention. I had half an idea of devoting myself wholly to teaching as a profession and of concentrating all my attention on it, to create a school which should be a model and in which all the flaws of the contemporary pedagogic system should be done away with. And yet it seemed treason to my earlier life in which my whole soul had been devoted to the single purpose of writing. But what could I accomplish if my talents did not correspond to my desires!

In this autumn, just as these discouraging thoughts were becoming most powerful, I had received a little communication from Baroness Esselde Adlersparre, a leader in the woman's movement and editor of the periodical *Dagny*. She wrote only a few short lines to say that one of my colleagues in the seminary had shown her four of my sonnets, and asked me to send more, which she might decide to print in *Dagny*.

Touched as I was by my friend's desire to get me a bit of publicity, the letter did not seem very encouraging. It was couched in rather cool terms, and although I had immediately dispatched a consignment of sonnets to Stockholm, I had been extremely careful not to let my hopes rise. One week followed another without any answer. Now here the answer lay before my eyes, a thing of such joy that it seemed nothing less than a miracle. Esselde wrote that she had had my work looked through by a famous connoisseur, whose opinion was that it met the requirements of good sonnets. They were picturesque, penetrating, and unexpected, and they were like little well-formed glittering jewels. She intended to publish them in her periodical *Dagny*, and the first four would appear in the next number. She also asked whether I might not have written something besides sonnets, and further expressed the wish to make my personal acquaintance, inviting me for this purpose to spend next Christmas at her house in Stockholm. When I had read these momentous lines two or three times over I turned down the lamp and settled down in one corner of the sofa in order to make myself understand that my sonnets really would be printed, that I 'wrote picturesquely,' and that in the end I should certainly have a career as a writer.

Amid all my happiness I had time for many an admiring thought for her who had written the letter. What kind of woman was this who invited a stranger to her home after the mere reading of a few sonnets? What gifts she must have for acting swiftly and with determination! How great a heart, how brave, how full of love. A month later, about New Year's 1887, I went to Stockholm to accept Esselde's invitation. I reached the central railway-station on the ten o'clock train from Värmland, and looked in vain for anyone to receive me. Finally I took a cab and gave the coachman the address. He looked a little puzzled, as though he had never heard of such a street, but a comrade spoke an enlightening word and we set out. It was a journey that seemed likely to have no end. Many a time I lifted the window curtain to see where we were going, for I had no idea where the coachman was taking me. After being on the journey for nearly an hour it seemed to me almost impossible to

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present myself at Esselde's so late in the day, if the coachman was really on the right road and she really lived in this vicinity.

At length the cab pulled up at a crooked little street and I climbed out — to behold no house before me, but only a long wall without windows. The coachman pointed to a door in the wall and a bell-pull. I rang the bell. Someone must have opened the door, for instantly I stood inside the walls. Right in front of me stood a high little house in the dark. I could see no entry-way, but a flight of stairs as steep and high as a ladder led up the outside. As I stood there wondering what to do a door opened at the top of the stairs, a light gleamed forth, and a tall and stately girl who appeared called down into the court to know whether perhaps Fräulein Lagerlöf had come. I was glad beyond belief that I had not come to the wrong place, and that the people were still awake and expecting me.

This evening, however, I was not to see my hostess; she was unwell and had gone to bed. But her secretary, Fräulein Mems, and the big girl, Albertina, were there to receive me, give me something to eat, and show me my room. It was not by any means an elaborate guestroom that Esselde had to give us — only a little alcove on the stairs, with a bed that consisted of a thick mattress on an iron frame. As to what it was like, I can only remember that I lay down with a sense of luxury and that while I was still asking myself what the next day would bring forth I fell asleep. As soon as I was dressed next morning I went out on the steps and climbed up as far as I could go. It seemed to me that the high little house consisted of very little else than the steps and the small alcoves and landings. At length at the top I found an open door and stepped into a room which I remembered from the previous evening. But at that time the blinds had been drawn and I had not seen what kind of room it was.

Now I was nearly blinded by all the light that poured in on me. It was like coming on to a steamer's deck or the top of a mountain, with a view lying free and open on all sides. As there was nobody in the room, I went from window to window looking out. It was the most wonderful view that any house in Stockholm could enjoy. The whole city lay below, with rows of houses and watercourses, with towers and chimneys, swept by all the fogs and vapors of a winter's sky, ranging from bright red to dark gray, from light violet to reddish brown. It was magnificent to live there, a fitting home for anyone who sought to dominate, to have a wide outlook for exercising an influence upon thousands of human beings. The room would have been beautiful in itself quite aside from its view. Between the windows hung shadowy pictures by the Italian masters, from one or another of which the bright countenances of a madonna or saint would look into darkness. Beautiful antique furniture stood there likewise; but what principally attracted me, at once, was one corner in which a sofa stood before a table so large that it might have served a numerous family at dinner. This table was covered with pamphlets, papers, and proof-sheets. It was obviously Esselde's work-table. There I stood. It was the first time I had found myself in the midst of an author's domesticity, and the fact gave me a great sense of well-being. Here was a place where people wrote, composed, and criticized; here proof-sheets were looked through; here one lived in a world of books; here one lived the life that I hoped would be my own.

Soon afterward the secretary came in to tell me that the Baroness was still bedfast and could not see me to-day. This would have been a disappointment

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but that I dreaded meeting Esselde as I might have dreaded an examination, and with a light heart I took cloak and hat and set out forthwith into the city to find some friends and relatives. Miss Albertina, who was quite used to looking out for inexperienced young women who wrote, gave me my directions to get to the town hall. Next morning likewise I found the beautiful cell all empty, and once more received word that my hostess could not see me that day. But when I entered it on the morning of the third day, there on the corner sofa sat a little old woman who stretched out her hands to me.

It was not the first time that I had seen Esselde. Once before I had seen her standing in the cathedral and heard her give a lecture, and she had made a characteristically stately appearance. Here in her home she seemed a symbol of the old helpless type of woman, to eradicate whom her whole life had been devoted. Her hands were little and soft, her head was surrounded by the loose ringlets of the romantic period, and her body looked as though it could not exist at all. Her face could not by any means be called beautiful, and at this time after her illness her eyes were dull and dim.

Everything that this little woman had accomplished had been due to the power of her talents and her character, not to her external appearance. The only thing about her that showed the strength and beauty of her soul was her voice. This was low, but its tone was beautiful. Every word was distinct, with perhaps a rather authoritative ring, but at the same time with an undertone of humor, as in the voice of everyone who knows that matters are not so bad as they seem.

What would we talk about? After the first natural expressions of greeting we took up the question of schools. Since 1885 Esselde had been a member of the girls' school committee, and in these years, during which she had visited a host of schools, she seized the opportunity to enlarge and correct her knowledge. At least that is how it appeared; but Esselde was a thoughtful little lady, and it may well have been that she steered the conversation into a subject in which I should feel at home, in order to give me time to overcome my shyness. As soon as breakfast was over she sent her secretary on some distant errand and I received orders to show what I could do with some poems other than sonnets. It was a difficult moment. I began to read one of my poems aloud without any other thought than whether the whole thing would last. But after a couple of moments my hostess stretched out her hand and laid it on the paper.

'Have you ever heard what happened to Tegnér when he was once reading a poem in the Swedish Academy?'

No, I had n't heard it.

'Well, the story goes that when he was at the height of his reading Bishop Wallin laid a hand on his manuscript and began to read it with the voice of a lion. Then it sounded different, then the glorious words and pictures came into their own. You must learn to read better, or else I shall have to do what Wallin did.'

This was a just correction, but I understood how flattering it was to compare me with Tegnér, and I began to laugh.

'Tegnér must have worried.'

'That may be,' she said. 'He had plenty of reason to worry. But *you* need not be afraid of *me*. Just read in your own way.'

In a moment I had come under the magic spell that Esselde always exercised when she listened. It was all done in a perfectly natural way. She simply sat there and listened quite silently —

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surrounded me with her atmosphere of keen sympathy. My poems began to seem so beautiful to me that every word took on a warmer tone, a deeper meaning. What had been difficult and confused became simple and easy. It was more than wonderful. I had not brought many things with me, but my listener seemed content. She promised me that this poem and that one should appear in *Dagny* by and by.

'But I want to say one thing to you, Miss Lagerlöf,' she said. 'Seems to me that we two are meant to get along together. I understand you and feel your mood. What you write awakens an involuntary echo in me. There is so much sympathy between us that I don't feel in a position to judge critically what I hear, and I might almost advise you not to depend too much on my judgment. Other people may find a number of faults that I do not see. I am no infallible judge where you are concerned.'

That was a fine confession for an awe-inspiring critic. Full of joy, I kissed her hand and assured her that so long as she was content with my work I would not worry over the criticism of others.

This ended my audience of the day. Esselde went back to her bedroom to rest, and I started off on my usual jaunt along the path to the town hall leading down to Norrmalm. I remained in Stockholm a few more days, long enough to realize the full strength of the enchantment that Esselde exercised. In the morning we would chat for several hours at a time in the bright salon, and it was a feast for the soul to exchange confidences with this rich and clear intelligence. I venture to believe that she felt herself in sympathy not merely with my poetry but also with myself. Weak and overworked as she always was, I observed that she was extraordinarily sensitive to the intellectual atmosphere her visitors brought with them. Some stirred her exaggerated satiric vein. Others made her stiff and reserved. With me she became charmingly natural and amazingly open-hearted. One of the pleasantest surprises was observing that the lady who had written so many serious articles in the *Zeitschrift fürs Heim* and *Dagny* was a witty and amusing person who could see something thoroughly humorous even in herself and her life work. I shall never forget how one day the mail brought a paper the first page of which was covered with an enormous rooster in the most brilliant colors.

'This must be a mistake,' I said, 'Or do the papers think that you are a poultry-fancier?'

'Well, you see,' and she nodded significantly several times, 'this paper began at the same time as *Dagny*, and I subscribed so as to see which would last the longer.'

As I began to descend from the heights of the Fjällgasse to the ordinary levels of Stockholm and meet people who knew Esselde, they used to give me cautious warnings. They all recognized her peculiar vigor, the brilliance of her ideas, her gifts as a creator and as a leader, but they urged me to be on my guard and not let her exploit me for the sake of the woman movement. We must set ourselves free, they said; she was using the capacities of us all.

Others who had themselves played a significant part in the struggle for woman's freedom complained of Esselde's tendency to run everything herself and her incapacity to recognize the services of others. She was a born autocrat, recognizing no will save her own, and permitting no voice but hers to be heard.

I admitted that these warnings and complaints were probably justified to a certain degree; but on the other hand, if the little lady up above on the moun-

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tain was, as all admitted, the most commanding intellect and the strongest will, why did they not quietly and humbly serve her? Why did they not let themselves be led and genuinely helped instead of disturbing themselves by resistance within their own camp? But all this disappeared from my thoughts whenever I sat up there in the bright salon and heard Esselde talk. She dominated me with the magic power of her genius, and her charming assistant seemed dull and insignificant in comparison with her own large personality. The friendship that sprang up in these days lasted as long as Esselde Adlersparre was alive, and this although I caused her many a disillusionment in the years that followed.

She had undoubtedly appraised my poetry too highly, for it was little more than the echo of all manner of alien impressions. When they were printed it was evident that they could not grip the heart and that they slipped past the eye without catching the reader's attention. The fact that *Dagny* was not the right place for a literary beginning may have had something to do with it. In those columns one looked for articles on social questions, and not for verses; and yet, if my verses had had genuine value, they would have called forth a comprehending voice somewhere.

As matters now stood I dreaded having my friend encounter so much disapproval for encouraging a talent that was still so immature. But the episode had done me one invaluable service. It had dispersed all doubts and hesitations. My mind was again made up to be a writer and nothing else.

Soon after this Esselde did me still another friendly service. When she saw that my verses called forth no acclaim, she began to urge me very seriously to write prose. She told me frankly that she still admired my sonnets but that my other lyrics had something wrong with them. They were not 'picturesque,' not sufficiently alive. They were, in a word, tedious. I had better experiment with the freer form of prose. She believed that in it my talents would be more likely to come into their own. I replied that my prose was still worse than my verse, and mainly to prove the truth of the assertion I wrote my first prose story in the autumn of 1887 and sent it to her.—It came back from Stockholm with a criticism that I still remember. It ran like this: —

'Contents — delightful. Style — abominable.'

Furthermore, she invited me to come to Stockholm next Christmas to work over the story under her direction. She did not ask me to live at her home this time, but she received me with the same heartiness as in the previous year, and the hours that I spent with her were as rich and fruitful as before. I got the impression that she herself was going through a time of unrest and depression. It may have been sickness, or it may have been the growing opposition of the feminist world, that caused her difficulties. The story was still so incomplete that she found it full of shoddy passages. One of her rules for style I still hold in grateful memory: Strike out everything that is not either amusing or necessary.

If I am not mistaken, it was this same autumn that I was asked to write a sonnet to Jenny Lind, who had died during the year. I wrote one, but it found no favor. I wrote another, which was likewise declined. I wrote a third, and a fourth, and then at length I found Esselde content, and in the end she wanted to publish all four in *Dagny*. For once I began to feel what others meant when they said that the Baroness could press so much out of one that one felt like a squeezed sponge.

Then there was a long time when I heard nothing from her, which was not

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an entirely unwelcome circumstance. I was now working at top speed on my Värmland book, and wanted to be rid of everything that hindered it. I had not yet found the style that would make it possible for me to write the book, but I collected material, made character studies, sketched the different chapters. In the spring of 1889 I sent Esselde a chapter of *Gösta Berling*. It was the chapter describing the Christmas ball in Borg and closing with the episode in which Gösta Berling and Anna Sjärnhok are chased by the wolves. It was immensely long in this first version. I got it back from Esselde with many words of praise and strict orders to cut it in half. The eliminations were made and the chapter went back to Stockholm, but no answer came.

At the beginning of the summer I went to a girls' school convention at Stockholm, but did not know whether I ought to hunt up Esselde. She might well be tired of me and my visits, for she let me hear nothing from her. In the midst of the convention came a package from Esselde with a manuscript, but when I took it out of the envelope I saw that it was not mine but had been sent me by mistake. I was thus compelled to get in touch with Esselde, and learned that she was no longer living in her eagle's nest high above the clouds, but was dwelling like an ordinary mortal in Norrmalm. The change distressed me. The new dwelling seemed heavy and offensive. The big Italian paintings had here become so many patches of darkness. The stately girl Albertina who had been so skilled in editorial matters seemed also to have disappeared. I learned besides that Esselde was no longer editing *Dagny* but had retired in favor of Frau Kerfstedt.

Esselde herself was very enthusiastic over my story, but Frau Kerfstedt did not want to take a chance with it. She thought it was altogether too fantastic. Esselde forced me to go and talk with her personally, but the attempt brought no result. After that she disappeared from my ken for a year and a half, but in the fall of 1890 I got a prize for five chapters of *Gösta Berling* in a story competition conducted by the newspaper *Idun*, and the day after this was announced in the newspaper came a letter from Esselde. Jubilation and exaltation! She was right after all. The hopes of my future that she had so long entertained were now to be fulfilled.

At New Year's of 1891 I went to Stockholm for a conference with the editor of *Idun*, to tell him that the work to which he had given his prize was only a little part of a big book that I had now finished, and to ask whether he might perchance want to publish it. He took up the proposal with great enthusiasm. My secret hope was that he would give me such a big advance that I could stop work and get the book ready, but he did not seem inclined to assent to this.

A couple of days later I went wandering down to *Tunnelgasse* with a heap of manuscript under my arm. I found Esselde very much altered in appearance and very happy over my success. I was delighted to find that in the last few years she had found a true friend and helper in Fräulein Mathilda Silow, who shared her home and who told me that she had decided to give her life to the task of helping to bring Esselde's inspirations to expression. I spent an extraordinarily pleasant evening with the two of them, reading aloud from my manuscript, and Esselde was as usual a wonderful listener. She was pleased. I soon saw that what I was reading far exceeded her expectations. Fräulein Silow was more reserved with her praise. She seemed more shocked and astounded than genuinely interested.

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As I think back over the extraordinary sympathy that Esselde showed my work from the first moment, it impresses me that she who had spent her youth in the sunny hours of the romantic trend showed greater capacity to understand my book than the people of my own generation who had imbibed the taste for realistic literature from childhood. She would certainly have listened all night long if Fräulein Silow had not constituted herself the official of sound reason and compelled her to go to bed at the proper time like a good child. Esselde had nevertheless made up her mind that I should come back next day and continue the reading. When I arrived at the appointed time she was alone. I asked about Fräulein Silow, but the Baroness only shrugged her shoulders.

'I sent her away,' she said. 'She made remarks.' Poor Fräulein Silow had not been sufficiently delighted.

We sat down, the two of us alone, and immersed ourselves in the stories of love and goblins from times past. Esselde made no remarks. She was in complete sympathy. I could almost have believed that she so thoroughly understood my descriptions from her own imagination and experience that she comprehended them in a richer and more penetrating fashion than I did myself. When I had nothing more to read she asked me when the book would be ready, to which I replied that it would take a couple of years, because I had hardly any time outside the holidays to write. Then I bade her farewell for this time. Next day I was to start out to take up once more my work at school, but early the next morning I was summoned to Esselde. She was still in bed when I came. She had not been able to sleep. She had just lain there thinking of me and my stories all night long.

'You must get your book ready while you are about it. Try to get a substitute teacher so that you can get leave, and I'll provide the cash.' Thus for the third time she played a decisive and beneficent part in my life. I listened to her advice, took a leave of absence, and the book was ready by the end of August. She followed its development with the keenest interest. She wrote me advice and warning, and finally at the end of the summer sat patiently down and listened to the reading of the completed work. When about Christmas time the book appeared in the stalls it did not get the reception I had hoped, but I never found that her satisfaction was affected by that fact. She cheered and comforted me and made my fears in every way her own.

In the years that followed we seldom came together, but her interest and maternal care accompanied me everywhere. In the year 1895, when the Frederick Bremer Society was holding its decennial jubilee, I came to Stockholm in answer to its summons. I found her sick and so weak that she could not attend the celebration. Her health, however, had for long been uncertain, and though I did not think that I was seeing her for the last time, so it was. Before I returned to Stockholm again she was dead.

She had been a friendly fate in my worst years and when I was slowly and with difficulty attempting artistic creation. There are no schools or academies for writers; they must draw their own education from life. But for just this reason, her sympathy, her direction, and her encouragement were of inestimable value to me. I had little to give her in return — only my true and warm friendship and admiration, which still fill my heart when I think of my great and good benefactress.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FATHER O'FLYNN REDIVIVUS

OUR younger readers who are ploughing their way through the Gallic War and the Catiline Orations, and possibly their fathers who did so before them, may get a fresh philological impression from two Latin renderings into the tongue of Horace of a poem famous in its day and not forgotten yet. According to the contributor who sent the first Latin version to the London *Saturday Review*, its author is presumed to have been a Trappist monk, 'who had kept his silence for twenty years without losing his sense of humor.' It is somewhat emended from a partly illegible manuscript. The alternative version of this pæan to a most delightful Irish cleric is the appreciative work of an Ulster Orangeman. We print the original — and what would have been a Roman boy's 'pony team' after it.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety
Far renowned for larnin' and piety:
Still, I 'd advance you, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte, and Slainte, and Slainte agin.
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.

Come, I 'd venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology
Into Thayology,
Troth! And Conchology, if he 'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you 've the wonderful way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You 've such a way wid you, Father, Avik!

Still, for all you 've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you 've your flock in the grandest conthroul:
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones out wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
'Is it lave gayety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen, too?'

This Father Alphonsus Latinifies as follows: —

Oh! Clerici adsunt diversis littoribus
Omnes qui semper insignes sunt moribus,
Quisque verissimus suis coloribus,
Flynnius omnibus verior stat.

Multa per lustra valebis O'Flynn
Euge! et euge! et euge! παλιν.
Orator optime, doctor mitissime
Donegalissime, Pater O'Flynn.

Trinitatis Collegii sapientissimi
Græcus, Latinas sectantur satissime
Literas omnes, sed omnes altissime
Saccum in imum detrudit O'Flynn.
Di immortales stupore notant
Logicam Flynnicam atque putant
Res mythologicas et conchologicas
Victas omnino a Patre O'Flynn.

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O Pater O'Flynn habes baculum magicum
Quo opus facis omnino mirificum;
Ebriis, pigris, superbis remedium
Dabitur optimum hoc baculo.
Quare in tota parochia Flynn.
Ne unus quidem peccatu est in;
Nec feminæ garriunt, viri nec titubant,
Obtinet timor in hoc baculo.

Olim episcopus valde turbatus est,
Flynni facetias multum miratus est,
Magna molestia ipse captatus est
Donec hoc modo respondit O'Flynn.
Num soli laici hilares sint?
Clerici nonne gaudere debent?
Fas nonne clerico esse Hibernico,
Tum in dolore, tum gaudiis in?

The second version runs:—

Est insulæ huic sacerdotum varietas,
Queis sunt præclaræ doctrina et pietas,
Flos tamen horum (sit salva proprietas)
Flinnius noster est, non dubito.

Sis longævus, o Flinni pater,
Non in Hibernia talis est vir,
Eloquentissime,
Pastor mitissime,
Et benignissime, Flinni, homo.

Doctos Collegium continet Trinitas,
Græcitas illic viget et Latinitas,
Floret ut Satanas illic divinitas —
Verba das omnibus, Flinni pater.
Logicam tractas, nec est tibi par,
Atque (sit nobis propitius Lar)
Res mythologicas
Et theologicas
Et conchologicas, unice vir!

Es, mi patercule, blandus in moribus,
Oras volentibus cum peccatoribus,
Ludis gaudentibus cum junioribus,
Es tu in oribus perpetuo.
Quamvis ingeniumst mite tuum,
Ingens in gregem est imperium,
Cohibens sævos,
Illiciens pravos,
Urgens ignavos tuo baculo!

Abest inepta a te jocularitas,
Attamen cum vocat te hospitalitas,
Sine rivali est tua hilaritas,
Nec fuit paritas ulla tibi.
Tulit espiscopus male jocum,
Risit sed ipse dicentem te 'Num
Vir clericalis
Nil habeat salis?
Sumus Hiberni nos et clerici.'

THE TREASURES OF A PRINCE

HIDDEN treasure is always in itself alluring, and how much more so when it is not the ordinary treasure hidden by the common or garden variety of pirate or by that worn-out and exaggerated character, Captain Kidd, but is instead the ancient horde of a family of princes who have been ruined, exiled, or massacred, as the case may be. The Yussupov family belonged to the very highest nobility of Russia — if not in rank, at least by virtue of the fact that they were kinsmen-in-law of the Tsar. They were enormously rich, even in pre-war Russia where the wealth of the wealthy corresponded to the extraordinary poverty of the poor. The income from their factories alone exceeded a million rubles a year, and their capital, excluding real estate, was estimated at a hundred million. To this one might add numerous castles and landed estates, in which were stored artistic and other treasures of incredible value.

When the Revolution came the Yussupovs fled, but of the treasures that had been heaped up for centuries only five trunkfuls could be discovered. Everyone knew they were hidden somewhere, but the aristocrats had seen the Revolution coming long before and had provided secret chambers and caverns in the walls, 'for any emergency,' so skillfully concealed that discovery was impossible.

Secret chambers can be more secret than we moderns are ever willing to believe: to this day the library of Ivan the Terrible has never been recovered, though everyone knows that it lies somewhere beneath the Kremlin in Moscow; and the secrets of the Yussupovs defied the best efforts of the Soviets. The Academy of Sciences was called on and failed. All the plans of the castle had disappeared. The old family servants knew mysteriously little.

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The seekers did succeed in finding entrance to the picture gallery, where they found a rare collection of paintings complete except for two Rembrandts which a faithful servant had smuggled abroad after the family had fled, and which later led to legal proceedings in the United States. So rich was this collection that, when the pictures were hung close together and the whole third story was devoted to them, there were still five hundred for which no place could be found.

The discovery was made in a rather odd way. Prince Yussupov had not entrusted the work to a Petersburg architect, but had brought a builder from a country estate, who came accompanied by his twelve-year-old son as helper. This little boy grew up well aware of all the secret chambers. Soon after the Revolution he appeared before the owner and demanded money as the price of further silence. The major-domo at first believed the man was bluffing, but he informed the Academy of Sciences, who sent an official to the castle. Two heavy iron double-doors were found which had been concealed with tiles. Behind these were two other rooms crowded with shelves and cupboards. In the first was a huge quantity of porcelain, in the second the family silver, beneath this an allegorical group of silver statues weighing half a ton and of such rare craftsmanship that the whole thing was given to the Hermitage Museum.

The administrator in charge of the castle, who had known about the secret all the time, was given a severe cross-examination, and revealed the existence of two other secret chambers. One was in the cellar with concrete walls and ceiling and was connected with the billiard room by a secret stairway and trapdoor. The trapdoor was covered with a double door and armor plate and with linoleum under the billiard table. Here was discovered a collection of porcelain of great artistic value, which was likewise given to the Hermitage Museum. The next secret room turned out to be a steel chamber behind a bookcase. In order to reach it, all the books had to be taken off the shelves.

Then for the first time a steel door appeared, behind which was a great collection of rare old gold watches and tobacco pouches studded with jewels. Now two attendants offered to point out other secret stores for twenty-five hundred rubles apiece. Here were found twenty-five necklaces containing sixty-three big emeralds and eighty-seven big diamonds; pearls, sapphires, and rubies; a necklace with eighteen emeralds, and another with fifty-three big diamonds. Then came two hundred and fifty-five brooches in gold and platinum, in addition to emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and rubies, thirteen diadems, forty-two bracelets, and nineteen gold chains.

The antiques among these came from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and the total weight of the objects made of precious metal was 21,441 grammes, and the weight of silver was 210,000 grammes. The total value is supposed to amount to five million rubles; and as the steward of the castle died during the investigations, it is not certain that he showed everything. There is much reason for thinking that there are still other secret chambers that have not been found.

*

BREAD WITH A KICK

FROM Berlin comes a piece of news that may prove even more epoch-making in this country than in Germany. An Italian engineer named Andrusani has invented a device that will extract alcohol from fermenting bread-dough. The simple housewife or baker has per-

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haps never suspected that the staff of life contained alcoholic sap. By affixing a simple piece of machinery to the oven, one can conduct clouds of intoxicating steam into a special chamber where the water is separated from the alcohol. Some statistician has calculated that if all the bakeries in Germany were fitted with this invention enough alcohol would be produced each year to supply half the national needs. It would mean the saving of nine million hundredweight of potatoes, two million hundredweight of coal, and a large quantity of wheat. What its adoption in this country might cost the bootleggers and Revenue agents has not been estimated.

✠

HONOR AMONG BANDITS

THE *Petit Marseillais* prints an amusing open letter from the famous Corsican bandit Miccaeli. In it he complains against the 'unscrupulous' ways of the gendarmes who have been after him these eighteen years. These officers, it seems, travesty themselves in civilian clothes and pretend to be peaceful tourists, which, Miccaeli says, 'may easily reflect on my courteous treatment of foreigners.' He alleges that this dishonest manœuvre was invented by the colonel of gendarmes, who refuses to understand that he, Miccaeli, and no one else, has maintained law and order in that district. 'The gendarmes,' he continues, 'are surprised that they have been unable to apprehend me for these eighteen years. But that is very simple: I have a good, congenial character, and never mix in politics; the population feels gratitude to me for maintaining order; I have robbed nobody. After all this, I do feel sorry to lose my good name. As a respectable bandit, I warn the tourists: Do not let the gendarmerie travel in tourist clothes, to which they are not entitled.'

✠

YOUNGER GENERATION À LA FINNOISE

RAVAGES of Volsteadism among the hardy Finns, according to a Copenhagen dispatch to the *Daily Telegraph:*—

The alarming increase of drunkenness among Finnish women and children, one of the alleged effects of the introduction of prohibition into Finland, is dealt with in a recent issue of the Danish *Medical Weekly*. Drunkenness is now frequent among women and children, it is stated, and the rankest spirits are consumed raw without hesitation.

School-children, the periodical declares, come to school with filled flasks in their pockets. In one village three schoolboys were found dead drunk in a ditch outside the schoolhouse. At most young people's dances in the villages and poorer quarters a number of young girls are intoxicated before the evening is out. Neat spirits are even given to infants in arms. 'Such conditions,' comments the writer of the article, 'were not only unknown but also impossible ten years ago. The moral havoc among young Finland caused by prohibition is terrible.'

✠

FAST MUSIC

MUSICAL note from the *Passing Show:*—

A correspondent in a contemporary wants to know how a jazz pianist can be secured. The best way is to handcuff his hands behind his back and lock him in a room with no piano.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

SELMA LAGERLÖF'S reminiscences of her early days have more than an antiquarian interest. There are still those among us who get as worked up as any fin-de-siècle reformer — any young Shaw or Ibsen — over Education, Temperance, and the Woman Question. The bold trumpet-blasts to which the curtain of the Nineteenth Century was rung down still echo as clearly in the ears of our home-grown Menckens and Brouns as if it had all happened yesterday. And the obliging Stuart Sherman continues his resolute defense of an imaginary Puritan Tradition against these wild old youngsters. A sham battle fought in a vacuum is no less diverting to the cultivated spectator whose *Living Age* point of view allows him to indulge in the luxury of a laugh up the sleeve.

* * *

But to return, if only for a moment, to the Lagerlöf, whom we have taken as a text for the little lecture that precedes and follows. Can anyone who was not weaned on her 'advanced contemporaries' thoroughly relish her revelations? The following incident is typical. As a young school-teacher she had sent some sonnets to Esselde, a venerable Swedish lady, the editor of what passed for a highly sophisticated review. The poems were accepted — what a paragon the lady editor was!

'How great a heart, how brave, how full of love!' exclaims the romantic young pedagogue, dropping into the more natural lingo of an earlier day when a woman was only a woman. One cannot help wondering if the secret journals of such modern emancipates as Edna Millay and Elinor Wylie still contain such delightful outbursts. Or has the blue pencil done its work?

* * *

Smacking of the same glittering period in the history of what H. G. Wells would call civilization is Wickham Steed's epitaph over the remains of Giacomo Boni, who pretty nearly made the Roman Forum as we know it. Although a good Catholic, Boni was also a pretty fair Zoroastrian, totem-worshiper, or skeptic, as the spirit moved him. He threw himself enthusiastically into whatever he was doing, losing his own individuality completely. In this respect he was utterly unlike any of his contemporaries that we have ever heard of, being the only one with enough self-assurance to dare to drop his own ego overboard for a minute or two with any prospect of finding it again when the wind shifted.

* * *

Most of this article is devoted to archæology, which frankly bores us, though it has, of course, much to recommend it as a profession. In common with many other learned pursuits, it presents little or no competition. There are so many mild young fellows — mostly graduates of Yale or Harvard — who would take to academic life like a shot if it did n't require a certain amount of intellectual effort. Archæology presents a very pleasing solution to their little problem. The mastery of some few shreds of primitive languages once spoken intact by savages is surely not a grievous task. But this is only one of the delightful features of the

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archæological game. It offers unlimited opportunities for travel at somebody else's expense. It commands enormous prestige. The archæologist is a member of the tribe of scientists, who now enjoy much the same reputation as the sorcerer in barbarian society or the clergyman in more recent times. Nor does the excavator of sewers and skeletons forfeit the respect of people who believe that after all science is not the whole thing, but that the arts, and above all the classics, should receive their due.

So Mr. Boni became an archæologist, and won great fame in this field by discovering that the Romans were descendants of the Hindus. His proof is so simple that you are surprised no one thought of it before. It appears that the Hindus used to bury their dead with their bodies pointed toward a still body of water. So, it also appears, did the Romans. Q. E. D.: The Romans are nothing more nor less than Hindus themselves. If you are inclined to question the soundness of this logic, we can only say that it is Science, and request you, as politely as we can, to shut up.

* * *

The best part of the whole article comes toward the end, where we get a rich account of the devout Boni together with those two staunch Knights of Columbus, Anatole France and Bernard Shaw, investigating a Michelangelo ceiling. The ignorant France wanted to compare this masterpiece with the plays of Shakespeare — though it is hard to imagine what common denominator he could find for a painter expressing a creed in which he did not believe and a playwright writing a language he did not understand. At any rate, the three of them ascended a lofty scaffolding, where, as one might have suspected, they were stricken dizzy at the height as well as dumb at the art. The crafty Anatole, however, was the first to get his bearings, and at once launched into a florid harangue for the benefit of his two uneasy companions. Shaw's torture was the worst because he had to put his hand over his eyes and probably never got a good look at what the lecture was all about anyway.

* * *

No wonder folks feel as they do about the Bolsheviki. In 1919 they set up diplomatic housekeeping in Peking, despised and ignored. Now their ambassador is the most powerful man in China. How, asks the student of current affairs, do they get that way?

Clearly the Russians are an inferior race. They do not go in for Rotary Clubs, English-Speaking Unions, or Leagues of Nations. They hate the British Empire, and fight it at every turn. They prefer the social philosophy of secondhand-clothes dealers to the statesmanship of a Hughes, a Lord Grey, or a Clemenceau. It is most annoying that a nation so completely misguided should enjoy even the small success that an absent-minded Providence has vouchsafed it.

For Jean Bouchot's article, to come back to the *Living Age* again, is a sadly enlightening affair. The Bolshies, as those whimsical British cousins of ours call them, have captured China. Mr. Bouchot can talk all he likes about their agrarian population of 400,000,000, but who besides Magnus Johnson cares about a lot of farmers anyway? Six million city-dwellers are lined up with Trotskii, and if the upcountry vote think they can do anything about it they had better go and see 'Al' Smith.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Twenty-Five Years: 1892-1916, by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. 2 Vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1925. $10.00.

AMONG the volumes of personal reminiscence which have appeared from the pens of men who were conspicuous figures in the drama of the war, Viscount Grey's memoirs, published under the title, *Twenty-Five Years: 1892–1916*, are among the latest and easily among the most notable. From 1892, when he became Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs under Lord Rosebery, to the time when he left office as Foreign Secretary, in 1916, Lord Grey was continuously occupied with British foreign relations — for a longer time in such a rôle than any other minister in the world. Naturally, therefore, his reminiscences throw a searching light on the whole momentous series of events which led to the grouping of powers in Europe and finally to the entrance of England into the conflict by the side of France and Russia.

The purpose of the book, says the London *Outlook*, is twofold: —

> Lord Grey's main object in writing this book has been to trace the events which preceded and led up to the Great War, and to vindicate the personal share he had in shaping them. One feels as one reads that this object is twofold; that Lord Grey is desirous not only of putting before his countrymen the history of European relations as they came within his own cognizance, but also of satisfying himself by careful recapitulation and in the light of subsequent events that he missed nothing of their import that could have been noted at the time. Throughout the book we feel that we are asked, that Lord Grey is asking himself, this question: Could the Great War, often before fended off, have been again postponed by any action of his? He believes it could not have been, and possibly, even probably, but not certainly, he is right. But even if he is wrong, no blame whatsoever can attach to him. He was called upon to act and act quickly in circumstances of appalling difficulty, and it can assuredly be said that there was no man living whom the overwhelming mass of his countrymen would have preferred as Foreign Secretary at that time; nor, even in the light of subsequent events, has their judgment been shaken.
>
> Lord Grey is too much concerned with consequences. Once in the course of the book he writes: — 'The lack of wisdom, foresight, and resource of those who have to take a hand in great affairs must be judged in the light of after events.' He is wrong. It must be judged, it can only be judged, in the light they had at the moment of their decision. The question then remains: Could Lord Grey have done more than he did to preserve the peace? And it cannot be answered.

John L. Hobson, in the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, strikes the same note of doubt: —

> A student of Lord Grey's policy, reading these volumes, would say that he aimed at two objects: one, to put an end to the armed truce by giving Europe time and opportunity to improve her relationships; the second, to see that, if war came, his own country was not taken at a disadvantage. He failed in the first and succeeded in the second. Could a man with a larger imagination, more initiative, and a more active and resourceful mind have succeeded in the first of these objects where Lord Grey failed? Nobody can answer. Even his hardest critics must admit that, faced with a situation of the utmost difficulty, he did honestly. Even his warmest admirers cannot be quite confident that the record put down in these pages with such an impressive and impersonal candor is the record of a man who did well.

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Other opinions of Lord Grey are more flattering. The *Spectator* praises him especially for his patience and his 'sort of higher indifference, if indifference be understood in the right sense.' The following illuminating incident is related in this same journal: —

> Long ago when Lord Grey was still a very young Member some Liberals were discussing with Gladstone the hopes of their Party. The discussion turned on the young men who were coming on. This and that man were mentioned; clearness in thinking and brilliance in retort were attributed to one; an unusual mastery of Parliamentary procedure was attributed to another; and to yet others were attributed indefatigable research and wide personal knowledge of foreign countries. 'Yes,' said Gladstone, 'but the young man with the true Parliamentary manner is Edward Grey.'

The *Times Literary Supplement* discusses the book as follows: —

> Here we have the authentic record, as it appeared to the chief actor, of the course of events which led up to the war. It is not, like so many books on diplomatic history, overloaded with the record of the details of negotiations. There are included a number of documents and dispatches, but the interest is always concentrated on the main course of events. Lord Grey is not one of those writers who love to fight over again old battles or recall the technicalities of complicated negotiations, for — and this is one of his remarkable qualities — fundamentally the whole work of the Foreign Office was alien to his interests.
>
> This makes his success the more remarkable. He did not seem to have had any special qualifications for the work of Foreign Secretary. He was not a man who was at home on the continent of Europe; he never traveled; he had not, like so many Englishmen of his position, passed a good deal of his time in international society; he was ignorant of foreign languages, and all his personal interests and recreations were singularly remote from foreign affairs; his interests were those of a stay-at-home country gentleman — country life, fishing, the observation of birds; it was to pursuits of this kind that he would have preferred to devote himself.
>
> On the other hand, just because of his own limitations and his consciousness of them, Lord Grey was able to use to the fullest extent the advice and information provided by the office and the Diplomatic Service. Probably no Parliamentary chief has ever worked so well with his office. As he reminds us in the introduction, he was singularly fortunate in his advisers; he could depend on them to interpret with full knowledge and insight the wishes and point of view of other countries. In diplomacy, as in all other forms of human intercourse, the first thing is to understand the point of view of the other side; and, as he observes, 'when men see that they are understood they are themselves predisposed to understand.'

This view is not shared by Frederick Bausman, author of *Let France Explain*, who treats Grey's Memoirs to hot criticism in the London *Foreign Affairs*.

> To me [he says] Sir Edward Grey always appeared the perfect English gentleman. That he had a horror of war I have not the slightest doubt, but what shall be said of a British Foreign Minister who could not speak a single foreign language, and who had scarcely been outside of the island? He himself should have felt his own incapacity. Across a narrow channel was the greater part of the civilization and culture of the modern world, yet Sir Edward Grey never had the curiosity to cross that channel until a few months before the war. Year follows year, one momentous diplomatic event follows another, yet Sir Edward Grey has never the curiosity to see what France or Germany looks like, to wander among their people, or to converse with their statesmen and men of affairs. Not even for a few weeks would he leave his favorite groves and streams. Conversing with the Ambassador of France, a country steadily, as he knew, progressing toward a terrible war, he had to have an

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interpreter. In fine, the Foreign Minister of Britain felt it sufficient to be a dignified and simple country gentleman.

The review concludes with these words: —

It is a pity to see this fine man attempting these explanations now. If he is to be saved from blame, others competently informed must do that work. It is too bad to have to catalogue Lord Grey's efforts with those of the disingenuous Buchanan and the somnolent Mr. Asquith.

The *Manchester Guardian* is the only paper to emphasize the importance of the revelations that the book contains concerning Wilson's peace offer in 1916. Speaking of the Allied statesmen, this paper remarks: —

But they dared not embrace safety. They met Wilson's overture with a claim for such terms as made any conference hopeless, not because they could hope ever to gain them, but because they had blown such a monstrous bubble of German popular exultation and confidence that, for their own personal safety, they dared not prick it, even to save Germany. And the same moral paralysis disabled the leaders of the Allies. Lord Grey's admirable candor gives a terrible impression of the difficulty of even mentioning possible peace to an ally in war.

The *Westminster Gazette* gives the following account of the book's literary quality: —

Viscount Grey's method is throughout autobiographical. He records his own feelings and motives, as they were at the time and during the hours of stress and conflict which preceded the great decisions. He reviews his own conduct with strict impartiality in the light of subsequent knowledge and reflection. He carefully abstains from rewriting history to defend himself or maintain his own points of view, and endeavors to explain simply what was done and why it was done. At all important points he fortifies his memory by dispatches and documents, most of which have not till now been made public.

The book reveals, not only the statesman, but an interesting and human personality, the nature-lover as well as the statesman. He shows day by day the life led by a British minister in his home, in Parliament, and at his office. He adds many appreciations of famous men, sovereigns, colleagues, ambassadors, and foreign ministers with whom he was brought in contact. These memoirs, in fact, are not only a history but a rich and varied portrait-gallery of the eminent and famous men who played their part before and during the great world-crisis of 1914.

The honesty of the author, the importance of what he has to say, the simple, direct style in which he writes, have been praised on all hands, but it remained for the *Spectator's* reviewer to provide the highest tribute: —

The present writer can honestly say that when he had read this book he felt proud to be an Englishman, and proud at having been represented in the great crisis by Lord Grey.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Great Pandolfo, by William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925. $2.00.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S fondness for exotic heroes has not deserted him: this time it is an Italian, the son of a hawker of plaster-of-Paris statues who plied his trade in London. In spite of his childish boastfulness, Pandolfo — for that is our hero's name — possesses an almost superhuman faculty for carrying out fantastic enterprises. He falls in love with the beautiful Paula Field, whose husband was killed in the war and who is serenely confident that she will never marry again. On being refused Pandolfo rushes away to Brazil, marrying a wily adventuress en route. But we shall not spoil a fine dramatic tale by revealing the dénouement.

Samuel Pepys, by J. Lucas Dubreton. Translated by H. J. Stenning. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $2.50.

THIS brilliant impression of a very human figure makes no pretense at completeness, yet it suggests those stolid characteristics in the worthy Samuel which were the basis of his amorous and engaging personality. So lucid and clear is the English that it is almost impossible to find a trace of the French original: perhaps the fact that Pepys's *affaires du cœur* bulked largely in the mind of the author may be adduced as evidence. Yet the qualities that made him Secretary of the Navy are there unobtrusively in the background, and the result is a sympathetic and attractive picture of a very companionable and delightfully sinful person.

The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair, by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran, 1925. $2.00.

HUGH WALPOLE'S lecture tours in this country have here borne fruit. He has written a thrilling mystery-story with an American hero. The action takes place on the coast of Cornwall, which the shy Yankee has visited at the suggestion of a chance acquaintance. Adventure begins even before he reaches his destination. He falls in love at first sight with a terror-stricken wife whom he overhears conversing with her brutal husband in his hotel. But the plot does not really begin to thicken until the girl's father-in-law — the Man with Red Hair — appears. The action continues fast and furious until this loathsome old gentleman is propelled from a lofty window, and the gallant American finds that the gruesome experiences he has undergone have smothered his Puritan complexes for good and all.

The Naked Man, by Vere Hutchinson. New York: Century Company, 1925. $2.00.

THIS is one of those powerful books about people who fly off the handle because they do not have babies. Luke Baddock, who has toiled in the mines for twenty years, makes a marriage of convenience which turns out to be quite the opposite because his wife does not have any children. There are divorces, deaths, departures to and returns from Australia, and the book ends with the husband and wife still married and still childless. If you like strong meat without Worcestershire sauce, this is your dish.

The Grand Écart, by Jean Cocteau. Translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $2.00.

ONE of the pleasantest things about such smart young Frenchmen as Morand, Giraudoux, and Cocteau is the ease with which their writings are rendered into English. They have completely shaken off the tiresome cadences of Anatole France and have adopted a staccato bizarre style abounding in colloquialisms. *The Grand Écart* is thoroughly characteristic of this type of writing at its best. Mr. Cocteau describes the frivolous adventures — chiefly amorous — of a modern Parisian young man. It is capital entertainment throughout.

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DECEMBER EVENTS ABROAD

THE French and Swiss Alps are the chief centres of tourist activity during the month of December. Winter sports are, of course, the great attraction — skating, bobsleighing, curling, and skiing. In France the following places are of particular interest: —

Chamonix, at an elevation of 3200 feet above sea level, boasts a large skating-rink, as well as complete facilities for all winter sports.

Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse is a newer station, and it too is fully equipped with vast skiing- and sleighing-courses. In the same Department of France is Villard-de-Lans, where contests for military skiers are held.

Pierre-Cava in the maritime Alps is only thirty miles from the temperate (we refer only to the climate) city of Nice, yet it offers as good sports as resorts farther north.

Tourists visiting the Riviera will do well to pass through Lyon either on December 8, to witness the illuminations in honor of NotreDame de Fourvière, or on Christmas Eve, to attend the magnificent midnight Mass at Perouges.

On the Riviera the following resorts will be open for business: —

Cannes offers tennis, golf, and polo at the municipal Casino.

Menton opens its season with a Grand Ball.

Other spots of interest include: —

Paris Aeronautical Exhibition throughout the month. Exhibitions of modern paintings at the Galeries Marcel Bernheim, Simonson, and Druet.

Arles. Midnight Mass at the Baux, December 24.

In Switzerland the following resorts will open during the latter part of the month: St. Moritz, Arosa, Caux, Château d'Œx, Davos, Engelberg, and Mürren.

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASSROOM

November 7, 1925

SOVIET IMPERIALISM IN CHINA. Describe the activities of the Soviet agent, Joffe, in Peking. What were the results of his work? Why did Bolshevist propaganda make such rapid headway? Describe the activities of the present ambassador, Karakhan. What leads Mr. Bouchot to conclude that the Bolsheviki can never conquer in China?

SOME NOVELISTS OF MODERN SPAIN. Enumerate the novelists discussed by Mr. Starkie. In what ways do Blasco Ibáñez and Unamuno differ? From what background, in Mr. Starkie's estimation, do the leading Spanish novelists derive their inspiration?

FARMER AND PEASANT IN RUSSIA. Give an account of the life of the farmers in the vicinity of Leningrad. How is the land divided for communal farming in the Tatar Republic? Locate the following places mentioned in this article: Leningrad, Tatar Republic, the Ukraine, the Volga.

GIACOMO BONI. Who was Giacomo Boni? What were some of his learned accomplishments? How did he first attract general attention? What was his theory about the origin of the Romans?

HOW I TURNED SCRIBBLER. Who is Selma Lagerlöf? What questions used to absorb her mind when she was a girl? Compare her early experiences with those of some other famous author with whom you are familiar.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH. What, according to the London *Observer*, is the purpose of Lord Grey's Memoirs? What light do the various reviews throw on the author's character? Discuss whether or not a man who had never been out of England and had no knowledge of foreign languages was a wise choice as Foreign Secretary.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist teachers in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom; they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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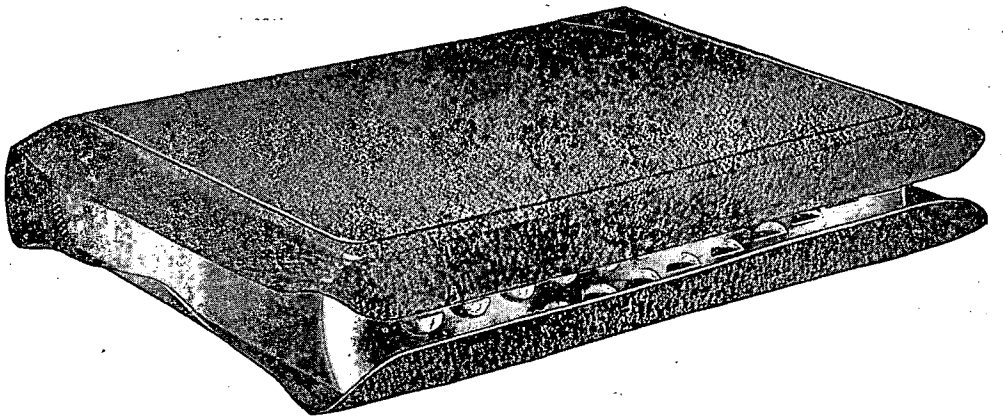

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